THE

SHROVE-TIDE CHILD;

OR,

THE SON OF A MONK.

. . . . . .

A NOVEL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

. . . . . .

VOL. I.

VALEAT RES LUDICRA.

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PREFACE.

THE great success *l'Enfant du Carnaval* experienced at Paris, (several editions having been rapidly sold off) has induced the Translator to present the Public with an English edition; in doing which, he claims no other merit than that of following with fidelity his original. Independent of its having been received with so much favour abroad, it would be injustice not to confess that another reason for his giving it an English dress, was the extreme acuteness of the remarks, and the spirit of originality and liveliness with which it abounds. The author has dedi-

cated his work to the Citizens of Calais, to whom he bestows great praise, for having served the public cause without betraying their honour or outraging nature; nor should it be forgot that he stiles his production a remarkable History, and above all a true one, intended to serve as a supplement to the rhapsodies of the day.

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THE

SHROVE-TIDE CHILD;

OR,

THE SON OF A MONK.

CHAP. I.

NECESSARY INTRODUCTION.

I AM now sitting down to write my adventures; but from what inducement I should be at a loss to account. Whether labouring under the indispensable necessity of publishing; yielding to the power of vanity alone; or listening to the prevailing voice of avarice, and aiming at gain; I do not exactly know: in truth, I may possibly be

influenced by the combined persuasions of each of these motives.—Be it as it may, I shall begin without troubling my head either about the opinion of my readers, or the success of my book—that is the province of my bookseller.

It is customary with every hero of a romance or history, to acquaint the public with the minutest circumstances relative to his birth and family, which, it often happens, is not the most interesting part of the narration; for, in general, we all make our entrance into this world nearly in the like manner. However, as I must make a beginning, I shall tread the beaten track, tamely follow the example of my predecessors, and, in as few words as possible, inform my readers when, how and wherefore, I was begotten.

In the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and sixty-four, in Calais, a city rendered famous for ever by the celebrated Eustache de St. Pierre, who chose to be hanged on account of some extraordinary business he had nothing at all to do with, lived an honest reputable man, about sixty

years of age, who usually wore a red coat, a tie-wig, and a large white muff, girt around his waist with a fur band of the like colour. In this equipage, either splendid or grotesque, as the reader will decide, the worthy gentleman constantly attended the processions of the Corpus-Christi congregation, he himself having the honour of being a member. He likewise used to escort, with a taper in his hand, the most respectable clergy of the parish whenever they went to carry their Almighty Creator to their dying parishioners. But, above all things, the gentleman in the red coat, tie-wig, and large white muff, was remarkable for his particular devotion to St. Francis, although the Saint had never done him either good or harm. Besides, his name held an honourable place among those of the benefactors of the reverend father Capuchins of Calais, whom he frequently entertained at his house, and whose company he was extremely pleased with, owing to every one of them being equally stupid and illiterate.

Mr. Bridault (the gentleman in the red coat) could eat a great deal, speak little, and think still less; but, to atone for the deficiency in his intellects, he had a remarkable good stomach, and by dint of digesting with facility, had acquired what the good people (who live in the fear of the Lord) used to term, at that period, the countenance of an elect; that is, a full face, double chin, and smooth shining complexion. Those most precious advantages, however, were liable to some little drawbacks: for instance, twice a year the gout would prey upon Mr. Bridault; but the pain, though ever so violent, could never prevent his relishing either a bottle of claret, which he was very partial to, or the spice with which Mademoiselle Suzon, his decaying housekeeper, knew how to season the ragouts that were served upon Mr. Bridault's table.—By the bye, some people would whisper that Mademoiselle Suzon's functions had not always been limited to the sole management of the kitchen.

The reader's imagination usually goes on full speed, and many a one doubtless already

imagines that Mr. Bridault was my father: no such a thing. The pious man, to do him justice, did not scruple getting fuddled every day; but he would have considered himself a most unconscionable sinner, had he but stretched forth his little finger with a view of propagating the human species: and he certainly carried his native virginity into the grave; which every inhabitant of Calais will be ready to ascertain, although totally ignorant of the matter. Some few dowagers belonging to the sisterhood of the Corpus-Christi congregation are reported to have cast down their eyes whenever Mr. Bridault's virginity was mentioned in their presence; but this, at most, only renders their own chastity questionable, among such people, as never fail to detect guilt where there is any, to suspect its existence where there is none, and to meddle with every body's business but their own.

'Twas on Shrove-Sunday of the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and sixty-four, that Mademoiselle Suzon, with

her usual solemnity, entered Mr. Bridault's apartment. The good gentleman was at that very moment in a fit of the gout, and suffered of course all the tortures of hell, with his leg softly laying upon a down pillow. To keep himself from swearing he was actually employed in singing (yet grinding his teeth all the while) the lamentation in the *Cantique de Marseilles*, a composition well calculated to edify the faithful, and entirely harmless of wit, notwithstanding the author's good intentions.—Mademoiselle Suzon thus spoke unto her master: "In the course of three "days, Sir, we shall enter that holy time "of abstinence which will cure you of the "gout; provided, with a penitent mind, you "submit to drink ptisan instead of claret.— "Nevertheless, I could wish that, in imitation "of other people, you would wait till Ash-"Wednesday before you begin to fast: Lent "will last six long weeks, you know, and "we shall have enough of it then.—Now, "I would advise you to send to father "Jean François, who is almost as witty as "yourself, with an invitation to come and

" make merry with you at Shrove-tide. In " case the pain you may accidentally en- " dure should force you to recur to your " singing, father Jean François, who can " sing capitally through his nose, as it is " the custom with those of his order, will " have no objection to accompany you, and " sing the lamentations of *Judith*, *Joseph*, " *the Rich Man, and Ste. Genevieve de Bra-* " *bant*. I shall join you in the concert, " which will certainly be very pleasing to " our neighbours, and acceptable to heaven. " At the end of each lamentation, you shall " take a glass of wine and a pancake of my " own making; and that I make them well " you can best tell; and, that father Jean " François will be very happy to grease his " bushy beard, and cram his belly seraphi- " cally, I have not the least doubt of."

" Send for him, child, do," replied Mr. Bridault, casting upon Suzon a pair of blue eyes, that were not wholly destitute of expression, though they had lost something of their former vivacity.

Mademoiselle Suzon immediately dispatched to the convent a brisk young lad who lived in the family of Mr. Bridault in the capacity of errand-boy and scullion, with strict injunction, however, never to enter the kitchen until he had stripped a red cassock and chapel-boy's cap, with which the rector of the parish had consented to decorate him, in compliance with the request of his patron, who had very great interest among the clergy of Calais.

Father Jean François received the invitation with a modest welcome; smiled to the chapel-boy-scullion; patted his cheek with his two fore-fingers, and sent word that he would wait upon Mr. Bridault as soon as he had dispatched a couple of devotees that were waiting in the confession-box.

Father Jean François was a downright Capuchin to all intents and purposes: as ignorant and slovenly as his blessed founder; as great a glutton as all the Capuchins in the world put together; as selfish and unconcerned as any of them; yet a good man enough, considering he was a monk.

Just as the clock was striking twelve, the reverend father rapped at Mr. Bridault's door, and Mademoiselle Suzon let him in. The two godly men saluted each other with great cordiality; entered into a discourse upon the relaxation of the faithful; the irreligious jests of some young men of the town, who thought themselves witty without the least foundation; the criminal indulgence of their parents, who suffered them to read such books as were dictated by the very Belzebub, and deserved to be destroyed by the public executioner; namely, the works of Voltaire, J. J. Rousseau, and their disciples: and, during this conversation, very profitable no doubt to the improvement of the human understanding, the welfare and splendor of the state, Suzon served a plate of very rich soup, *vice* which came in a fine piece of beef that Mr. Détailleur, a reputable butcher of Calais, and a member of the congregation of St. Roch, had picked out to greet the dainty palate of Mr. Bridault. This piece of beef was flanked by two dozen of *petits patés* of the making of Mr. Dar-

querre, a most famous pastry-cook, and two broiled puddings, manufactured by Mr. Bouvigny, the most expert man in his line within sixty miles round.

Silence prevailed whilst the two guests were saluting the first course, and stirring up their ideas, with a few bottles of an old wine that Mr. Bridault always kept in store for the grand festivals: but whilst Suzon was moving the half-devoured dishes, she could hear father Jean François (who prided himself upon being jocular over his bottle) traduce the ladies of Calais, who, though they attend the sermon, will paint and patch towards the evening, and resort to the play-house for the mere sake of sinning, the house being shabby and dark, the actors shockingly awkward, and the plays they performed anti-christian without exception, and mostly good for nothing in every other respect.

"Come, come, don't be so severe, father "Jean François," said Mr. Bridault; "our "ladies will go to the theatre, to be sure; "but for all that, they are good housewives,

" understand economy, and are much at-
" tached to their husbands."—" Alas!" interrupted father Jean François, " I am sen-
" sible you are no confessor of theirs."—The reverend monk was undoubtedly, though he meant no harm, going to reveal the secrets that had been entrusted to him in the confession-box, when Suzon made her appearance with a fat roasted fowl, of the breeding of Mrs. Guche, a most experienced woman in the art of fattening poultry; a nice sallad, and a pile of pancakes. At this sight, the gormandizing monk closed his lips, or rather opened his mouth, not as he had done before to censure his neighbours, but in order to do justice to his dear sweet self.

Towards the end of the repast, Mr. Bridault, who most luckily for me had an interval of the gout, was insensibly lulled to sleep with the idle stories of his guest; upon which the latter determined to hold his tongue, and to drink by himself.

The stomach of father Jean François though ever so capacious, got brim full at last, and to such a degree, that his reverence

apprehended the usual channels of evacuation would not prove sufficient. A sudden violent hickup warned him of the well-known approaching consequences of intemperance: he accordingly hastened out of the dining-room, where Mr. Bridault sat snoring at a great rate; but, instead of going into the yard, he, most fortunately for me, mistook his way, and went into the kitchen.

The scullion-chapel-boy, after having dispatched a scanty dinner, quitted his apron, and resumed his red cassock and calotte, was gone to assist the clergy of the parish in singing vespers.—Mademoiselle Suzon had also finished refreshing herself, and was pretty high in colour. She could not help feeling for the monk, when she saw him with his eyes rolling in his head, his cheeks of a purple hue, his legs staggering; in short, his whole machine threatening to dash the kitchen pavement. Mademoiselle Suzon offered her assistance, and set him right on his legs again.—The reverend father wished to make an apology, and to return her thanks: nay, he was preparing to embrace her, in order to

shew the whole extent of his gratitude with more emphasis; but, upon stretching forth his arms, he knocked down a bason of soup that stood on a shelf close by, the contents whereof overflowed a doubled muslin handkerchief in which Mademoiselle Suzon was wrapped up, from her very chin down to her waist. The liquid part of the inundation soon penetrated through the handkerchief. Mademoiselle Suzon squalled like one possessed; very luckily for me, however, Mr. Bridault did not awake.

Father Jean François, whom the sense of the mischief he had been doing had brought to his natural state, seized a towel, and began wiping the handkerchief; Mademoiselle Suzon was also employed in rubbing as hard as she could, till at last a pin gave way, the handkerchief broke open, and the reverend father continued wiping.—" You'll " dirty me all over—you hurt me," cried Suzon, " the towel is so very coarse!"—Father Jean François immediately drew out of his sleeve an India handkerchief, and first wiped her neck . . . then a little lower . . . and

then lower still. At last his hand met with a pair of elastic globes, a thing he had not as yet the least cognizance of;—Sufficient grace does not always suffice *;—Active grace acted most powerfully:—Suzon had never felt a man's hand wandering over her charms—she had been eating an egregious good dinner—she was all in a blaze;—the reverend father pushed her;—Suzon, who had not foreseen the attack, was unprepared for a defence;—so that, on Shrove-Sunday, of the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and sixty-four, I was begotten upon Mr. Bridault's kitchen-table, exactly as other children are by all the inhabitants of Calais and adjacent parts; with this difference only, that the parents in general are more at their ease:—but devout souls easily make up their minds to such trifling inconveniences, as they well know that we are not placed in this low world to enjoy comforts of all kinds.

No sooner was the ceremony of my fabri-

* An allusion to the system of some Roman Catholic divines.

cation over, than my father and mother stood confused, facing each other—and eyeing each other—they both in concert fell on their knees; joined in saying their *Confiteor*—sang the *Miserere*—embraced each other in sign of peace; and, after fetching a deep sigh, exclaimed: "let the consequence be as God pleases; the demon of the flesh hath surprised us, we are innocent of the deed!"

CHAP. II.

RAGE OF MR. BRIDAULT.—MY BIRTH.

A sudden twinge returned, and Mr. Bridault awoke roaring. He betook himself to the bell, which he pulled exactly as if he was going to pull the house down. Father Jean François and Mademoiselle Suzon re-entered the room, and prepared to assist the tortured patient: "Heyday! Suzon, my "dear, what is the meaning of this?" said Mr. Bridault: "what have you down with "your neck handkerchief, child?" The poor girl blushed, muttered a few words with no meaning, and was retiring to fetch her handkerchief—"Why! here is another piece of "work!" continued Mr. Bridault: "what is "the matter with your gown?"—Among several other articles that Suzon had been preparing for her master's supper, there happened to be some fine young spinage, which

unfortunately lay on the kitchen table, and still more unfortunately did, in reality, give Suzon a green gown.—The innocent creature not being in the habit of doing mischief, had not thought of being on her guard, and had neglected the usual precautions.

" Answer me," cried Mr. Bridault, with some warmth, " what does all this mean?" Suzon turned pale, her legs failed her, and she fainted away—Father Jean François, was standing all the while facing Mr. Bridault, with downcast eyes, and pallid lips, in the attitude of a prisoner at the bar.—" 'Sdeath !" exclaimed Mr. Bridault, who, notwithstanding he was a religious man, would fly in a passion occasionally, " some " extraordinary event must have taken place " in my house; look, father Jean François, " look at the forepart of your cassock !"—The story-stelling spinage had given his reverence a green gown too. The unfortunate Capuchin, who was but a very indifferent speaker when in his proper senses, could not utter a syllable in his present embarrassing

situation; he did not even think of contriving one of those seasonable lies, which, it is so easy to find out, and are so usefully employed to extricate one's-self; he returned no answer, but threw himself at Mr. Bridault's feet, and squeezed his sore leg as hard as ever he could, sueing for forgiveness.—"Oh! Oh! Oh!" bawled out Mr. Bridault, with the voice of a Stentor, "the devil "take all the Capuchins! This one has just "been committing fornication with my "housekeeper, and now, regardless of my "condition, presses my leg to such a degree "as to raise my gout into my stomach!— "Oh! Oh! Oh!"—Suzon was roused from her lethargy by the repeated cries of her master, she drew near him, and seeing her accomplice kneeling before Mr. Bridault, she knelt likewise, and seized his other leg, pressing it with all her might, and bathed it with her tears. Mr. Bridault's pain increased, and became insupportable; he raged, he swore, he blasphemed: the two delinquents squeezed more and more, imploring his mercy, and mingled their clamours with his

roaring; till at last Mr. Bridault's fury being raised to the highest pitch, he caught hold of one of his crutches that lay by his arm-chair, and striking alternately and repeatedly upon Mademoiselle Suzon's and father Jean François' backs, forced them to let go their hold, and retire to the farther corner of the room.

Now the scene changes.—The pain that Mr. Bridault suffered began to subside, and he to reflect with confusion on the rage that had possessed him. Father Jean François and Mademoiselle Suzon, both dejected and penitent, inspired him with sentiments of commiseration; Christian charity was revived within him, and he addressed them as follows:

"Although the new law severely prohibits "fornication, it must be acknowledged that "by the ancient law fornication was not only "tolerated, but even permitted. Did not "Abraham fornicate with Hagar? Ruth "with Boaz? Judith with Holophernes? "And Solomon the Wise with all the harlots "of Judea? If our mother, the Holy

" Church, has thought proper to forbid for-
" nication to the faithful, (who, by the bye,
" fornicate not the less, notwithstanding the
" prohibition) she must have had her secret
" reasons, unknown to us, and which it does
" not belong to us to dive into. Let us,
" therefore, fornicate as seldom as we pos-
" sibly can; and, as it becomes dutiful chil-
" dren, obey our good mother, who, though
" she demands ever so much of her frail
" children, is ever disposed to grant them a
" generous pardon, provided they submit to
" mental or pecuniary penalties, according
" to their grievances. I can read, my dear
" friends, in your contrite and embarrassed
" countenances that you are not old offen-
" ders: besides, you have not polluted the
" bed of your neighbour; heaven will sooner
" pardon you than the two Elders that co-
" veted Susanna, who was a married woman,
" and, instead of acting the prude, might
" more easily have got rid of them, by tak-
" ing them at their word. Heaven will
" sooner pardon you than King David, who
" abused his authority, and seduced the wife

" of Uriah.—The good man, indeed, never
" charged him, nor did he complain, so that
" if God sent a dreadful plague that des-
" troyed thousands of his majesty's subjects,
" making them answerable for the crime of
" the Israelitish monarch, it lies not at
" Uriah's door.—However, as mere repent-
" ance does not always suffice to disarm
" divine justice, to repentance we must add
" a satisfaction proportionate to the offence.
" We are all three equally sinful—you two
" for having committed fornication, and I
" for having suffered myself to be surprized
" by anger: fornication and anger are two
" capital sins, which infallibly ruin the soul,
" without hurting the body: we must, there-
" fore all three recur to some expiatory mea-
" sure, and God himself seems to have
" pointed out one, by ordaining that the
" spinage should soil the back of Suzon's
" gown, and the front of your cassock,
" father Jean François: my opinion is, that
" we must not eat any spinage to-night, but
" make our supper of a biscuit soaked in

" claret; after which father Jean François
" shall retire to his convent, and there pray
" first to St. François d'Assize that I may
" obtain forgiveness for having bruised his
" reverence's bones, and next to Notre Dame
" de Bon Secours, that his offense may be at-
" tended with no consequences, either dis-
" graceful to himself, or embarrassing for
" Suzon."

Through the intercession of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, in the course of a few days Mademoiselle Suzon began to nauseate and loath her victuals, and qualms succeeded next pretty frequently. A learned apothecary, who had taken it into his head to practice physic, because he knew of many dull fellows who did, Mr. Vital in short, very wisely prescribed five or six grains of emetic, which made Suzon jump and bounce, but however could not dislodge me from my post, so very efficaciously had the active grace acted. The nausea, loathing, and qualms went on, and Mr. Vital recommended a double and triple dose; till at last Suzon fatigued, tormented, and half worn out, was

forced to keep her bed, sent the doctor to Old Nick, and recovered by degrees, notwithstanding the nausea, loathing, and qualms, that left her in due time.

Mr. Bridault was very well versed in casuistry, but quite a novice with regard to the present case. He never could make out the distemper of Suzon, which chagrined him so much the more, as he was bereft of her good offices. Although he had formed a resolution never to articulate her name in the presence of father Jean François, for fear of hurting his delicate feelings, he could not hold out long, and at last was forced to unbosom himself, in one of those communicative moments, when sensibility gets the better of every other consideration.

Father Jean François being confessor to many young wenches in Calais (and they are not all of them vestals) was become acquainted with several peccadillos, and the consequences occasionally attending—and accordingly, as soon as he heard of nausea, loathing, and sickness, he exclaimed:

"I am ruined! Neither can St. François "d'Assize, with all his power, save me!— "Suzon is big with child, and that from the "deeds of a Capuchin! Suzon will be deli- "vered—the neighbours will talk of it— "the Guardian will hear of it! He will con- "fine me—he will thrash me—he will stig- "matize me—I don't know what he will "not do to me.... Mr. Bridault, how shall "I extricate myself from this dilemma?"

"If Suzon is big with child," returned Mr. Bridault: "Suzon will be delivered, no "doubt; but who the deuce will imagine "that she has suffered herself to be got with "child by a Capuchin?—Unless the Al- "mighty, in order to evince my innocence, "should ordain the child to be born with a "long beard about his chin, and his hair in "the shape of a coronet over his head?— "The whole town will point their fingers at "me—laugh at me—make game of me— "abuse me—and what shall I do to prevent "it?.... Father Jean François, let us drink "a bumper."

"I think," continued Mr. Bridault, after

musing a moment, " that God has often been
" pleased to try even the most righteous by
" heavy tribulations; witness honest Job,
" who never got any other woman with child
" but his own wife, and, nevertheless, was
" very near dying on a dunghill of a foul
" disease. But God hath granted to the
" sinner, no less than to the righteous, pa-
" tience and resignation, to render temporary
" calamities supportable, and make them
" subservient to the benefit of our souls.—
" You have got my housekeeper with child,
" father Jean François; it can't be helped,
" what is done is done. Pray, and be re-
" signed. Since this begotten child hath
" withstood Mr. Vital's emetic, Providence
" most assuredly, in her eternal decrees, must
" have designed him to perform wonderful
" things. Let us take proper care of Suzon
" during her pregnancy, and, when her infant
" will make his appearance in this calamitous
" world, lavish our spiritual and mental as-
" sistance upon him.—Heaven will provide
" for the rest.

" But, of all things, as scandal must be

" avoided, scandal that induces the weak " to sin, and provokes the laughter of the " wicked; and, besides, as we read in you " know what book, *Help thyself and God* " *shall help thee*, let us use a pious fraud, " which the glorious St. Antony, my patron, " has just suggested; a fraud that will secure " your character, and that of Suzon also.— " At a few leagues distance from town is the " chapel of St. Gandouffle, whither all the " gouty people of our province resort. I " will get into my chaise, take Suzon by the " side of me, and ride to St. Gandouffle; " from St. Gandouffle I shall proceed and " make a *newvaine* * at Notre Dame de Bou- " logne, which will afford me a pretext of " paying a visit to my good friend the rec- " tor of Samer, who resides in that neigh- " bourhood: now, as my trusty friend the " rector of Samer is a worthy man, a man " brought up in the fear of God, besides a " charitable, prudent, discreet man, I pro-

* Nine days, during which some prayers are made by the Papists to implore the assistance of some saint.

" pose imparting to him the dismal story of " my housekeeper, and, by means of a " trifling bounty to be distributed among " the poor of his parish, prevail upon him to " permit Suzon to drop in his house the bur- " den she has brought from my kitchen."

" All-kind, all-worthy, all-pious, and all- " clever Mr. Bridault," exclaimed father Jean François, " blessed be for ever the great " St. Antony for having intimated a thought " so salutary to us all! Thanks be given to " you, Sir, for your Christian charity and zeal, " which prompt you to assist a miserable " sinner! you are my true friend, my pro- " tector, my guardian angel! . . . . . Mr. " Bridault, let us drink a bumper."

The very next day after this conversation, Mademoiselle Suzon was enjoined to bid Branlant prepare for the intended journey to St. Gandouffle. Branlant was not only a carrier, but a beadle of the cathedral of Calais, and had a particular licence, authorising him to put a sorry horse of his to any chaise, cart, or vehicle, whatever, belonging to the members, either male or female, of the Corpus-

Christi congregation, and to drive them, at a slow pace, to whatever place, business, amusement, or devotion summoned them.

Branlant very punctually arrived at Mr. Bridault's door on the day and hour appointed, smacking his whip; and, indeed, the beadle-carrier never made any noise in this world but with his whip.

Mademoiselle Suzon immediately let the two large folding doors open, and Branlant put his horse to a wicker chaise, lined with grey camlet, that stood under a shade in the yard; and at that time served as a refuge to two turkeys that were intended to be eaten on Shrove-Monday and Shrove-Tuesday, but were indebted for a respite to the accident that had befallen father Jean François and Mademoiselle Suzon.

Whilst Branlant was employed in cleaning the outside of the chaise, sweeping off the cobwebs, hunting the turkeys and spiders that had taken possession of the inside, and greasing the wheels, Suzon came down with a basket well lined with several bottles of *liqueur*, manufactured at Martinico, in the

West-Indies, by the celebrated Madame Anfoux; a cervelas of Mr. Bouvigny's fabric, and a large piece of English gingerbread: she carried Mr. Bridault's furred boots under one arm, and the office of the blessed Virgin Mary under the other.

They got into the chaise; Branlant crossed his horse, with his feet on each side upon the shaft, in the usual style of the carriers of Calais, in which posture their knees are up to their chin, and their posteriors on a level with the noses of the passengers.—Very luckily, Monsieur Branlant was not of a windy constitution.

Behold the chaise rolling out of the yard: Mr. Bridault and Mademoiselle Suzon both signed themselves with the cross, as is customary with the pious inhabitants of Calais, who, by means of this preventive, have often travelled without any accident as far as Coulogne, or St. Tricat, though both villages are at least four miles distant from town.

Our travellers had hardly lost sight of the town, when Branlant, who was not a mere honorary beadle, but had got by heart all

Christi congregation, and to drive them, at a slow pace, to whatever place, business, amusement, or devotion summoned them.

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West-Indies, by the celebrated Madame Anfoux; a cervelas of Mr. Bouvigny's fabric, and a large piece of English gingerbread: she carried Mr. Bridault's furred boots under one arm, and the office of the blessed Virgin Mary under the other.

They got into the chaise; Branlant crossed his horse, with his feet on each side upon the shaft, in the usual style of the carriers of Calais, in which posture their knees are up to their chin, and their posteriors on a level with the noses of the passengers.—Very luckily, Monsieur Branlant was not of a windy constitution.

Behold the chaise rolling out of the yard: Mr. Bridault and Mademoiselle Suzon both signed themselves with the cross, as is customary with the pious inhabitants of Calais, who, by means of this preventive, have often travelled without any accident as far as Coulogne, or St. Tricat, though both villages are at least four miles distant from town.

Our travellers had hardly lost sight of the town, when Branlant, who was not a mere honorary beadle, but had got by heart all

the hymns, tuned his pipes, and began singing the *Pange Lingua* in a very agreeable manner; Mr. Bridault and Mademoiselle Suzon, who were not better engaged, sang in concert. When the *Pange Lingua* was over, they went on with the *Stabat Mater*, to which succeeded the *Salve Regina:* but, as some people cannot sing for ever, Mr. Bridault fell asleep on one side, and Mademoiselle Suzon on the other. The indefatigable Branlant began the litany of the Saints, crossed his hands over his breast, and lifted up his eyes to heaven, when, on a sudden, Branlant, his horse, the chaise, and every person and thing within it, tumbled down into a ditch, which Branlant could not escape, for this very plain reason, that he who keeps his eyes lifted up to the sky, looses sight of what passes at his feet.

Mademoiselle Suzon was in danger of being suffocated under the weight of the corpulent Mr. Bridault; she screamed and struggled to relieve herself, no less than a demon would do, should he happen to fall into a tub of holy water. She succeeded at last in

getting one leg loose, and then the other; but still her head being caught between Mr. Bridault's thighs, she endeavoured to rescue herself by drawing backwards: now her petticoat was caught in the tongue of one of the buckles, that belonged to one of the straps, that was intended to fasten one of the curtains on the front of the chaise. Suzon struggled hard; her legs, thighs, and appendages thereof, were at full liberty, but her clothes remained behind, and three dragoons, who happened to pass by at that very instant, had full leisure and impudence enough to examine and joke very unseasonably at Mademoiselle Suzon's posteriors, which, for the first time, stood in the face of the sun.

Branlant, who had disengaged himself from under his horse, rebuked them severely, with all the acrimony belonging to an underling of the church, and immediately ran to throw his hat over Mademoiselle Suzon's nakedness with one hand, whilst with the other he drew her whole body out of the chaise; which brought forward Mr. Bridault's hind-quarters, between which Suzon's head continued

fastened. The poor creature was seen to make horrid grimaces; probably the effect of certain exhalations that issued from the unctuous Mr. Bridault .... a very natural consequence of his aukward plight and fright.

The dragoons, who are good-hearted fellows when they receive no provocation, set our travellers on their legs again, and assisted Branlant in getting the chaise out of the ditch; and Mademoiselle Suzon, as a reward, poured them out a glass of the *liqueur* manufactured at Martinico, in the West-Indies, by the celebrated Madame Anfoux, and cut them a slice of English gingerbread each. They were so much pleased with the kind treatment, that they hoisted both Mademoiselle Suzon and Mr. Bridault into the chaise, and Branlant on his horse: nay, when they took their leave, they did it with as much politeness as dragoons are susceptible of displaying at any time.

In compliance with Mademoiselle Suzon's request, Branlant gave up his singing; in consequence of which, our travellers reached St. Gandouffle without any further accident; from

from St. Gandouffle they proceeded to Notre Dame de Boulogne, and from thence to Samer: here they settled the business that brought them, in the manner Mr. Bridault had foretold. Mademoiselle Suzon conquered all the difficulties and uneasiness attending her situation, and was safely delivered of a stout boy, who hastens, on his very first entrance, to present his best respects to the kind reader, who is willing to lose his time in perusing his adventures.

CHAP. III.

OF MY EARLIEST EDUCATION.

AS those women who get lawfully married, and become lawful mothers, (rather to please themselves than with an intention of discharging the duties of a mother,) never fail sending out their lawful children to nurse, either to preserve their own breasts, or to shew their complaisance to their lovers; the same did Mademoiselle Suzon, who was become a mother *incognita*, by one of those extraordinary occurrences to which many a poor girl has hitherto been, and will henceforth fall a victim, not for the sake of preserving her breasts, but in order not to lose her character, resolve to remove from her maternal embraces the little Capuchin, whom she loved with all her soul, but was not permitted to nurse herself, as it would have brought upon her the general blame of all the inhabitants of the province.

The rector of Samer, who looked to every

thing, and, besides, was a connoisseur, had noticed, in the market-place, a country wench, whose voluminous breasts were ready to rush forward, in spite of ever so many large pins, and her strong triple petticoat strings: he accosted her, and the good woman told the rector, with a courtesy to every sentence, that she was come to Samer to purchase some earthen ware; that she was a married woman, and lived at Sangatte; a superb village in the vicinity of Calais, and tolerably well built, on a spot where nature never produced a single bush, but where the northern winds that prevail for three quarters of the year pour clouds of sand from the seashore, which, in addition to the stones that overspread the soil, render it nearly barren. She then proceeded to inform the rector, that her husband was a very honest man, who got drunk every Sunday regularly, beat her every day in the week, and got her with child once a year, on which consideration she indulged him in other respects; in fine, that she had been brought to bed three months

since, and would be glad to be wet nurse to a child, whom she assuredly would love as much as her own, and take the same care of, for which she would not even require a salary, only the times were very hard.

The rector, in reply to her gossiping, told her, that a poor widow had just been delivered of a posthumous child, that the number of the needy increased daily, that of course she could not afford to pay dear; but that in case she would take the charge of nursing the child, and pay due attention to her charge, he knew a most worthy member of the Corpus-Christi congregation of Calais, who would allow gratifications extra, and make the perquisites no less acceptable than the salary.

The good woman professed, with tears in her eyes, her attention to the unfortunate little being whom God had bereft of its father; and the rector, satisfied with her protestations, took her, her ass, and earthenware, home to his house.—An old blanket was taken from the rector's horse, and divided into four equal parts, to serve me as swaddling

clothes: half a dozen towels, well washed and aired, were converted into clouts; lastly, an old canvas bag was stuffed with straw to make a bed for me: then the whole was put in one of the baskets, and fastened over, the earthen-ware in the other basket formed the balance, and the nurse rode astride between the two, after having previously received, from the rector, a shilling earnest, twelve livres in advance for the two first months; and from Mr. Bridault, who loved to perform charitable actions in secret, a louis d'or, which he slipped into her hand unknown to the rector, whose parsimonious remonstrances he wished to avoid. My adoptive mother, highly pleased with so much liberality, set off in very good spirits, alighted a moment at the last public-house, to corroborate her stomach with a dram, clapped her heels and whip to her beast; and lo! the Shrove-tide child journeys on to Sangatte.

Three years elapsed without my being able to recollect what happened to pass during that time. My immortal soul, although a

direct emanation of the Divinity, and undoubtedly invested with the faculty of thinking, previous to its being confined between the bladder and rectum of Mademoiselle Suzon, was obstructed to such a degree at that period by my terrestrial embrio organs, that it could not form any one of those ideas that have distinguished it so eminently since. —Some few days ago, a friend of mine, who is a deep philosopher, endeavoured to persuade me, that the faculty of thinking depends, like that of seeing, on the developing of our organs: that the organs, in proportion as they attain that degree of perfection which is proper to them, are affected by every object that has any analogy whatever with them; that those affections of the fibres of the brain produce our first ideas; that those primitive ideas being strongly impressed on our virgin brain, and susceptible, besides, of all sorts of impressions, constitute what is properly called memory: that memory aids and enables us to compare such ideas as are classed successively in our heads; that the habit of comparing those ideas, of adopting

and following those that appear consistent with our preservation and welfare; and of discarding others that we suppose to be noxious and offensive, constitutes our judgment, the greater or less perfection whereof originates from our organs being more or less deeply stricken with external objects, as also with more or less precision.—From this deep philosopher's argument it would follow, that we think by simple natural means, just as we eat, drink, and digest, which is evidently inconsistent with reason, and contradictory to revelation and the opinion of the great men of all ages and countries, who never err, even when arguing upon matters they have no notion of.—I am therefore thoroughly persuaded, that I have an immortal soul, notwithstanding immortality and the conformation of my individual body do not appear to me very compatible; notwithstanding, I conceive not how a being so foreign to matter, and that has neither extension, consistence, nor colour, and is equally inaccessible to the senses and to reason, can act upon matter,

and be subjected to the impulse of matter; notwithstanding, I cannot divine wherefore my head aches when I have been long engaged in deep thinking, and wherefore I can think but with difficulty when I have not digested well, and the reason why I think still less after an indigestion; neither can I guess wherefore the thoughts of a man in a state of insanity are erroneous, although his body be in a perfect state of health; in fine, wherefore the soul of father Jean François is stupidity itself, and that of Voltaire sublime, since it is evident they are both an emanation of the Divinity.—But, should there be any merit in crediting a fact approved by demonstration? No.—It is much more meritorious to acknowledge, without any discussion whatever, that two and two is five *.

I think it is time to have done with metaphysical rhapsody: let us then return to my body, which is well deserving of being attended to, at least, I was told so by certain

* This alludes to the saying of a moderate member of the French Legislative Assembly.

ladies, who value the body as much as the soul.

I was now three years old, and began to rove bare-footed on the sea-shore, where I picked up either pebbles or shells that I brought home with me in a filthy yard, where I used to roll in the mud with five or six foster brothers and sisters, seven or eight young pigs, that I found very pretty, and as many ducks, who saluted my ears very pleasingly with their quacking—as indeed I was ever sensible of the charms of harmony. At breakfast I had a huge piece of rye bread, which the bran and chaff, that had been carefully preserved, made very palatable—at noon a large wooden bowl full of soup, as thick as mortar, was brought into the yard for our dinner; for I, my foster brothers and sisters, the pigs and ducks, all messed together, and I assure you the bowl was emptied in the twinkling of an eye;—at supper we were forced to put up with two or three roasted potatoes with a little salt;—and, having fared so daintily in the course of the day, we all retired at the approach of night, lying pell-mell in a heap of straw, which

indeed I do not recollect was ever renewed: however, we slept very sound, and left the fleas to sup in their turn.

Every Sunday morning my nurse took particular care to adorn my cradle with its various implements, to scower me from head to foot, to dress me in the same clean shirt I had on the preceding Sunday, a fine frock, white cotton stockings, and new shoes; these latter were indeed become so straight and short that they pinched me sadly, which my most dreadful contortions would reveal, but to no purpose. My chair likewise was scowered, and placed in the most conspicuous part of the hut: I then received a slice of white bread, slightly scraped over with tolerable fresh butter; and, was recommended not to stir, nor to cry, upon pain of being whipped; and as I was flogged pretty frequently, which was not at all to my liking, I willingly obeyed my nurse's commands.—But wherefore these extraordinary preparations? Because Mademoiselle Suzon took her departure from Calais every Sunday morning as soon as she had heard the six o'clock mass,

that she might reach Sangatte by nine. She generally, on these occasions at least, wore a white handkerchief over her head, which she tied under her chin, and carried a small basket in her hand, with a bottle of Mr. Bridault's wine; and a dozen of sweet biscuits for my week's consumption.

Mademoiselle Suzon was highly pleased at seeing me eat my bread and butter with such a good appetite, with my neat appearance, and especially at my never crying, which she construed as an irrefragable proof of my being very happy at Sangatte. She would kiss me with true maternal affection, and make me say my prayers, that were whipped into me without mercy; then she praised my retentive memory, sprightliness, and sweet temper, and bestowed high encomiums on the nurse for the particular care she took of me, which she promised to acquaint Mr. Bridault with, who educated me through charity, and was much concerned in my behalf. Next she sat gossiping about half an hour with the nurse, paid her some compliments on her family, gave the children

some halfpence, pretended to embrace them, and returned to Calais time enough to serve Mr. Bridault's dinner.

As soon as Mademoiselle Suzon had turned her back I was stripped from head to foot, and all my moveables were locked up in a large wooden chest, that they might be clean and ready for the Sunday following; my nurse's husband drank my bottle of wine at one draught, my foster brothers divided my biscuits among themselves, and I went to join my companions and friends the pigs and ducks.

I was almost six, and began to form some idea of what property was; I did not approve in my own mind of my wine being drank, and my biscuits eaten. In consequence of these, my meditations, one Sunday morning I stole one of the biscuits from one of my brothers, as I was very desirous indeed to know how a biscuit tasted. I relished it very much, and stole a second: but my foster brother, who was as fond of a biscuit as myself, told his father of it, and he kicked my breech: I thought proper to repay him to

whom I was obligated for the kick with a fisty-cuff—he returned my compliment with a stick—I seized him by the hair of his head, the rest sided with him and they knocked me down: then I pulled hard at one's ears, tore another's leg, bit a third in his posteriors, and would have overpowered all my assailants, when my foster father put an end to the contest with an horse-whip, two-thirds of the lashes falling in preference to my share.—The business being looked into, I was found guilty, and bound to a beam that stood in a vertical direction in the middle of the hut, in order to prevent the garret from falling down into the kitchen. That a bad action must ever meet with its punishment I was often told, and do actually believe it;—Mademoiselle Suzon, when first she came in (a circumstance I had forgot to mention) had scraped her red morocco shoes with a little knife with a mother of pearl handle, which she had left inadvertently by my bedside; and she returned hastily to fetch her little knife, which she set a great value upon, Mr. Bridault having made her a present of it,

and their intimacy not having suffered by it, as some of the country wits had prognosticated. I leave it to my reader to form an idea of her surprize and indignation at finding me stark naked, tied to a post, and all my little body stigmatized with the lashes that had showered upon me. Her heart was ready to burst, and tears of vexation filled her eyes—but sensibility soon gave way to passion, and she addressed the nurse and her husband in very harsh terms. They endeavoured to apologize, charged me with offences I had committed, but in my own defence—produced one of their brats, scratching his bitten posteriors, and pretended to insinuate that the slight punishment I had received was indispensable at the present time, and would be very profitable to me in the future. Mademoiselle Suzon hesitated, my tears touched her, but the confidence she reposed in my nurse pleaded rather convincingly against me—when I in my turn, notwithstanding I was almost suffocated by vexation and sobbing, and apprehensive of the consequences, determined to relate every

circumstance that had occurred as far back as it was in my power to recollect things.

When Mademoiselle Suzon heard that I went naked all the week long, was flogged every day, neither drank my wine nor eat my biscuits, her temper was ruffled to an extreme. You may have seen a lioness whose young carries in his side the deadly dart shot by the barbarous huntsman—she roars, and the surrounding rocks echo with her wailings; in the like manner did Suzon roar, bawl out, scream, shriek, so as to shatter the oiled-paper panes through which the light of day penetrated into the hut.

Both the man and wife were willing to give me the lie, but the wine was drank, the biscuits were gone, and there could be no possibility of my having made such a copious repast in so short a time.

"Take a month's wages," said Mademoiselle Suzon, assuming an air of dignity, and throwing a six livres piece upon a broken worm eaten table: "let this miserable infant's "cloaths be bundled up directly, I am de-"termined to carry him away." This unex-

pected sentence redoubled the confusion of the wretched couple—they stood abashed, they were undone. The wife, who dressed very smart, for a Sangatte woman, had made herself neck-handkerchiefs out of my frocks, a quilted petticoat out of my swaddling cloaths; the clouts she had also appropriated to her own private use; so she was reduced to confess that my Sunday equipage constituted the whole of my wardrobe: this was instantly put on, and Mademoiselle Suzon, taking me by the hand, marched out of the hut, threatening to expose the nurse to the resentment of Mr. Bridault, who, as he had lately been promoted church-warden, derived an unlimited authority through the whole country from his preferment.

Behold me then, on my way to Calais, gazing at, and admiring every thing I saw, and already forgetting my nurse, her husband, his birch and whip, and building castles in the air—as all the children of my years, and many much more aged, will often do.

We arrived in Calais, which appeared to me of an immense magnitude and monstruously populous, on account of its being somewhat larger, and containing some few more inhabitants than Sangatte (the only place in the world to which it may be compared without disadvantage).

Mr. Bridault's house I looked upon as a palace—pocketed my shoes before I durst enter his dining room—stood with my back stuck to the wall, and held my cap in my hand. Mademoiselle Suzon enumerated, in a vehement tone, the injuries I had suffered, and recounted how she had immediately fixed upon a determination to bring me home accordingly. Mr. Bridault, who was ever of the same opinion with Mademoiselle Suzon, approved of what she had done, and dismissed her to apprize the reverend father Jean François of my arrival. The Capuchin soon made his appearance; he was quite out of breath, and, after having wiped the sweat from his brow, sat down to be on a level with me, and to consider me at ease; he

turned and wheeled me about between his knees—pressed me tenderly to his belly—bathed me with paternal tears, that dropt from his eyes in a cascade upon his greasy beard, and then upon my sweet face. This first salutation being over, I was sent into the kitchen, and Mr. Bridault, the reverend father Jean François and Mademoiselle Suzon, sat in a secret committee to advise what was to be done with me.

CHAP IV.

I ENTER THE CONVENT OF THE CAPUCHINS—OF MY OCCUPATION THERE, AND OTHER TRANSACTIONS.

IT was decided by the *Trium-foemina-virate*, that a child six years old has no farther occasion for a nurse, and they consequently decreed that I should not be returned to mine. It was likewise granted, that a boy six years old, if he enjoyed a good constitution, was able to turn a spit, and could learn to answer at mass; and accordingly decreed that I should be employed successively in Mr. Bridault's kitchen and the church of the reverend father Capuchins. It was thought that a child six years old could be taught to read at his leisure hours, and decreed that I should be committed to the care of Mr. Gondré, an expert school-master, who formerly had educated Mr. Bridault himself, besides many more learned men, and who

could yet write pretty legibly, although his hand shook a little, and his fingers (covered all over with chilblains) were packed up in a leathern bag. It was moreover stipulated, that from the hands of Mr. Gondré I should be committed to those of the reverend father Minimes, who kept a famous college in Calais. To speak the truth, their pupils were put off two forms when sent to the Oratorians at Boulogne, or the University of Paris; but it mattered not, they were of opinion I could not fail being learned enough for a monk.

Mademoiselle Suzon introduced me accordingly to Mr. Gondré, who in order to shew his particular regard for Mr. Bridault, exerted himself to the utmost to teach me my letters, and took great pains to make me hold my pen decently, for I grasped it as if it had been a broom-stick. Mademoiselle Suzon was also very earnest in teaching me to answer at mass, but for the life of me I could not retain a syllable, as I could find no entertainment in it: but, to make amends, I did not forget a syllable of the stories about

witches and ghosts, with which she used to lull me to sleep when I was gone to bed: nay, I would now and then get by heart some verses of those spiritual songs she was continually singing about my ears, and sometimes I would regale Mr. Bridault with them at his dessert, when we happened to be both in a good humour.

In the mean time I reflected that at Sangatte I lived independent, free from all manner of restraint, absolute master of my own actions, and pretty well satisfied with my situation, the daily flogging excepted—whereas, my new mode of living appeared to me very extraordinary and irksome: I could not conceive wherefore I must hold my tongue at Mr. Gondré's, when most inclined to speak—why I was to sit still when I had a mind to run about—and to be stuck with my eyes over a book which I did not comprehend the meaning of, nor could imagine to offer the least utility. I was quite as much at a loss to conceive the reason why Mademoiselle Suzon would labour so hard to lodge in my memory such barbarous words,

as neither she nor I could understand, and the conception of which it did not strike me was of so advantageous a nature as she endeavoured to persuade me: but I was very sensible of the utility of a spit, and turned that of Mr. Bridault with great accuracy, provided I was suffered to soak my bread in the dripping pan.

After two or three years of great labour and fatigue, I found myself pretty adequate to the task of answering at mass, but I could not read a line, and was determined never to learn any thing about it. Mr. Bridault would now and then hint to father Jean François that I did not seem to be a forward child; but the Capuchin, in order to make him easy, retorted that he himself had been rather tardy in his improvement, and Mademoiselle Suzon never failed declaring that Mr. Gondré was very well satisfied with my assiduity and application, though indeed he never spoke a word to that purpose; as for the rest, it was universally allowed that I was a fine boy, of an open, decided and bold countenance—engaging manners and meek temper.

I grew apace, was very strong for my age, and Mademoiselle Suzon had left off taking me to Mr. Gondré's; I went to school and came home by myself, which made me very happy, as I could walk a round-about way, and had an opportunity to have a little play; sometimes I did not even go [illegible]

" Oh! if we [illegible] how nar-
" row the space that [illegible] from
" virtue! If we would but [illegible]
" cult it is to retrogade, when we [illegible]
" one single step into the road of [illegible]
" If we could be persuaded that the happi-
" ness or wretchedness of our whole life de-
" pends on our first transactions, how care-
" ful should we be not to act improperly,
" and to select our friends? One dangerous
" connection is enough to corrupt our heart,
" though the seeds of wisdom shoot within
" it!"—Such were the wise representations Mr. Bridault would offer me, whenever he was told that I had played the truant.

To confess the truth, I had not selected my friends among the best of the boys; my

most intimate companions were seven or eight chaps every bit as wicked, ignorant, lazy, and greedy as myself; the consequence was that in less than six months' time I had a very bad character in town. Sometimes I would hide Mr. Gondré's spectacles, steal his rod, make free with Mr. Darquerre's *petits pâtés*, and when I answered at father Jean François' mass, I rung the bell when he was reading the gospel, changed the missal when he lifted up the host, drank the wine out of the cruet, and put water in its stead, pocketed the tapers' ends, and sold them to go and play at chuck. Those offences were long kept a secret, so very apprehensive were father Jean François and Mademoiselle Suzon lest I should fall into the disgrace of Mr. Bridault... But at length I presumed to play my tricks upon Mr. Bridault himself—I eat his sweetmeats, disturbed his coffee, broke the leg of his favourite cat, singed the sheets when ordered to warm his bed—and, one day when he was taking his nap after dinner, I pinned his tie wig to the back of his arm-chair. Such numberless crimes could not

fail drawing upon me a severe punishment, and Mr. Bridault was determined not to forgive me; but father Jean François and Mademoiselle Suzon's intreaties conquered his animosity; I was brought before him on my knees, they made him believe that I had begged his pardon, and the hearty good man pardoned me, and thought no more of what I had done.—I left him to go and plan some new piece of mischief.

As soon as it was dark, I would fasten a rope on both sides of the street, at about two inches above ground, and made game of the passengers when they tumbled down. I rapped at every door, but was caught, taken in the fact by Mr. Joutel, an acquaintance of Mr. Bridault's, and, besides, a member of the Corpus-Christi congregation: he pulled my ears in a most shocking manner, so that, to be revenged, I thought proper to break his windows.—I had made it a rule to be ever provided with stones in my pockets, in case some unforeseen accident should happen.

Mr. Joutel brought in his charge against me; in consequence of which, Mr. Bridault,

father Jean François, and Mademoiselle Suzon, met in an extraordinary committee.

My patron being exasperated against me, opened the sitting with a very pathetic discourse, which he concluded with a declaration, that he was resolved to send me to the house of correction, *alias* to the hospital. The maternal heart of Mademoiselle Suzon was ready to burst at the very sound of the word hospital; and father Jean François very discreetly observed to Mr. Bridault, that the companions I should meet with there did not, in his opinion, seem proper persons to enlighten my mind, or improve my principles. That it was impossible indeed he should keep in his house such an incarnate devil as I proved to be, who did not mind any thing that was represented to me for my good; but that it was the conversion, and not the destruction of sinners, that God required; and he begged Mr. Bridault would recollect, that St. Augustin had trod still farther than I the paths of vice, and to consider that I might imitate that light of the church, become repentant, and amend:—He represented, that

I ought not to be deprived of the means of being made a convert, which should be the case, if I was confined with a set of illiterate, stupid, and wicked miscreants: that he deemed it more prudent, expeditious, and becoming, to request the guardian of the Capuchins to admit me into the convent, where good examples should be set before my eyes, and pious discourses salute mine ears; where, in short, I should no longer be exposed to ruin from the nefarious persuasions of my former perverse associates.

Mr. Bridault, who had not power to deny father Jean François or Mademoiselle Suzon any thing, wrote a few lines to the guardian, and sent him a leg of mutton and two dozen of his famous old wine, to support his petition, which operated so effectually, that, at the expiration of three days, as we were going to dine, brother Joseph entered the room with a large wallet on his back, which he laid down on the floor. He instantly drew out of it a waistcoat, a pair of breeches, and a pair of stockings, that had been made out of one of father Jean François' old cassocks.—He

did not offer to address me one single word, but seized and stripped me in a trice, and decked me in the above mentioned grotesque accoutrement; and fetching out of the wallet a calotte of the same coarse stuff, "come," says he, with a thundering voice, "off with "his hair." I trembled through every joint when I heard the strenuous sentence. Mademoiselle Suzon approached me by slow steps, her eyes were swelled with tears, she stretched one of her hands towards the chain at which her scissars hung, and the other towards Mr. Bridault, in a supplicating attitude. —At the sight of the scissars I screamed, but brother Joseph silenced me with an instrument of correction, which he pulled from under his cloak and applied half a dozen times to my back; and Mr. Bridault beckoned to Suzon to begin the operation.—Represent to yourself, kind reader, the finest hair in the world, flowing in ringlets over a pair of shoulders as white as alabaster, a mother condemned to strip her child of an ornament that enhanced the radiant lustre of his beauty—Mr. Bridault sitting in his arm-

chair, with a black velvet cap down to his ears, and affected insensibility; lastly, brother Joseph, a slovenly, stupid, and stern looking brute—and then you may form an idea of the picture we displayed.

I was kneeling before Mademoiselle Suzon, with my head reclining on her lap, and I could see the dreadful scissars brought close to my head, and instantly removed back. My mother's trembling hand seemed averse to complete the sacrifice .... yet at last a lock fell, and down dropt the scissars—Suzon's tears overflowed my face, she locked me in her arms; she embraced me most tenderly .... alas! for the last time was I permitted to enjoy the caresses of a kind, doating mother, and at this time that, my passions being silenced, I am enabled to reflect on past events, I cannot recall to my mind her affection, attention, and resignation, without giving tears to her memory.

Brother Joseph impatient, and yet composed, took up the scissars, and, in a moment after, I had not one single hair left. He then covered my head with his nasty ca-

lotte, and, laying fast hold of me by the hand, conducted me to his convent, leading me through the principal streets of Calais, and exposing me most inhumanly to the laughter and hooting of my former companions, and others, who had suffered from my malicious tricks. The unmerciful subaltern-monk dragged me through the cloister, to a remote cell, opened a thick door that rolled heavily on its rusty hinges, and there he locked me in with a dreadful noise of keys and bolts.

I had not been long in this solitude, when I began to compare the easy, comfortable life I lived at Mr. Bridault's, with my present wretchedness: I reproached myself bitterly for my last misconduct; repentance, fear, and hope, alternately agitate my mind; an universal dejection took possession of my whole frame; I was ready to sink under inward acute pain; in short, it was all over with the Shrove-tide Child, if a flood of tears at last, finding a passage, had not released my poor heart, on the point of bursting.

A boy, ten years old, is easily comforted

and reconciled to his situation; I wiped my eyes, walked several times round my cell, and after having fully convinced myself that there was no possibility of making my escape, began an inventory of the goods about me, which were as follows: a narrow grated window, eight feet from the ground; three fir-planks at about eighteen inches from the floor, and intended for a bed; cobwebs in abundance; the walls dawbed all over with the representation of sculls, bones set across, tears, and such like paintings, which indicated that my present apartment had formerly been the residence of some gentleman whose lively gay imagination rivalled that of the late Dr. Young, whose works every body will procure, though very few have fortitude enough to peruse them: and, indeed, of what service can they be, except that of totally turning the brains of some weak-headed mortal?—I discovered, besides the above articles, a stone table, a wooden stool, a kneeling desk, a rosary, a pitcher of water, and a loaf of brown bread.—As I had nothing else to do, I devoured one half of the loaf, drank

a draught of the cooling liquor, stretched my wearied limbs on the fir-planks, and fell fast asleep, without thinking of the morrow.

A good night's rest refreshed me, and I awoke just as the rays of the rising sun began to cheer the coal-painted walls of my dungeon. I sat myself down in a very easy posture, laying hold of both my legs with my hands, with my head posing on my knees, and began to reflect on my imprisonment, and the means of shortening its duration. I was sensible that I had nothing to expect from the inflexibility of brother Joseph, and accordingly ruminated on the means of duping him. This very silent jailor was very punctual in bringing me, every morning, a new loaf and fresh water, my provisions for the day: he would stop one minute to observe my countenance, and then leave me without speaking one word. On the third day, however, he sat down upon my couch, considered me with uncommon attention, rose, sat down again, and at length asked my opinion of the treatment of such wicked libertines as abused their benefactors, and broke

broke the windows of the honorable members of the Corpus-Christi congregation. To which I replied, with an air of true compunction, that I found my punishment was not indeed proportioned to my offences; that I bore it, as it was, with great resignation, and yet expected it would be soon at an end, owing to my repentance, the kind indulgence of Mr. Bridault, and chiefly the merciful bounty of heaven.

Father Jean François, who, in all probability, had been listening at the door, stepped in, to inform me, that the guardian being satisfied with my resignation, had permitted him to ameliorate my situation. He accordingly conducted me to another cell, somewhat less gloomy than that which I occupied, and next to the habitation of brother Joseph. Here he spoke to me in a soft, friendly tone, consoled, encouraged me, and shewed me into the refectory, where I saw Mr. Bridault seated by the side of the guardian, with whom he had consented to come and fast that day. He looked at me sideways whilst

turning over and over some lentils, which re-entered unimpaired the kettle wherein they were cooked, or rather boiled, without any addition even of salt butter.

After dinner, brother Joseph, whom the chapter had appointed my Cerberus and tutor, brought me down into the garden, where he spoke to me in the following words: "I well "know, Mr. Jackanapes, that you have a "fine tongue, but I am not to be made a "dupe of, as I never listen to words, but only "trust to actions. Now, I shall let you "know what your business and employment "here shall be. You must get up regularly "at midnight, ring the bells for matins, and "attend at church in a decent and devout "attitude; after which, you may go to bed "again till five o'clock. At five o'clock "exactly, you shall toll the bell for the *An-* "*gelus* and the first mass: this you must "answer at, as likewise every other mass our "reverend fathers will be pleased to cele- "brate, till the clock strikes eight: at eight "you shall have your breakfast according to "your deserts: at nine you shall ring a peal

" for high mass, and assist in singing it, the
" best you can, till such time as I have taught
" you how to sing it decently: at eleven,
" you shall dine in the refectory: at twelve,
" you shall ring the bell for the second *An-*
" *gelus*, which, with regard either to the
" ringing the bell or reciting, can never be
" done too often: afterwards, you shall sweep
" the choir, sanctuary, lateral chapels, nave
" and porch of the church. At one o'clock,
" you shall take your book, namely, Thomas-
" à-Kempis' *Imitation of Christ*, or the *Sin-*
" *ner's Guide*, (the master-piece of a Spanish
" Jesuit, I was told,) and endeavour to learn to
" read, a thing I have my particular reasons
" not to teach you myself: at three o'clock,
" you shall ring the bell for vespers, and, as
" soon as you have done ringing, come and
" sing with us: at four o'clock, you may
" come and take a walk in this garden, and
" say your rosary: at five o'clock, you shall
" have your supper in the refectory: at six
" o'clock, you shall ring the bell a third
" time, for the third and last *Angelus*: at

" half after six, you shall come down with " me into the kitchen, there to assist me in " washing the plates, &c. &c. and placing " in due order about the pantry such provi- " sions as Providence may procure us through " the channel of our benefactors: and then " you shall go to bed, and be at liberty to " enjoy sound sleep after the discharge of " your pious exercises. If you should happen " to neglect one of them, or to approach the " cloister-door within fifty yards, you may " rest assured that I shall salute your bare " shoulders with half an hundred thwacks of " that powerful instrument which I intro- " duced to you already in Mr. Bridault's " dining-room; and, in case of a relapse, " the dose shall be doubled, and you may " depend upon making a second retreat for a " matter of six weeks, in that sweet easy " place from whence father Jean François " released you this morning."—At these words, he left me to attend his own business.

I cannot believe that the very identical Satan could ever have found out a more certain method of bringing a Christian to eternal

perdition. The mode of life to which I was reduced was intolerable, neither could I foresee what must be the end of it; in consequence of which, I cursed my unpropitious stars a thousand times a day. I had not gone through the infernal regimen a month, before I lost all manner of patience; the practice ot those pious exercises that had been prescribed to me I neglected, and brother Joseph, who was as good as his word, would bring me to rights again by dint of using his instrument. I swore I would avenge myself in a striking manner, and one evening as he was regaling me in the kitchen, and set me skipping and capering, from the top of the stoves under the dresser, I seized a large pan full of boiling hot melted butter, and threw it over his head, pan and all. He roared like a bull, but before he had disengaged himself from under the pan, and done wiping his face and beard, I had sought for a refuge on the top of the house. I had just reached the roof, when the formidable brother Joseph made his appearance at one of the upper windows, and

prepared to pursue me with a spit in his hand. I kept my ground, and made a gallant defence, pelting him hard with tiles. My undaunted countenance kept him in awe for some time, but, at last, ashamed of being overpowered by a mere boy, he advanced boldly, parrying with his spit the tiles that whistled about his ears.—I, in my turn, was seized with a sudden fright; I ran from roof to roof, and from roof to roof did the obdurate brother Joseph pursue me with his spit. He was very near laying hold of me, and I had no resource left, when I took a sudden resolution of sliding down from the roof, at the danger of breaking my neck, and it was my good fortune to fall astride on two boards that were put over the bell of the refectory, and this bell I set a pealing at such a rate, that the whole community were soon assembled in the garden. Then, in an audible voice, I declared to father Jean François, that, unless he would take his most solemn oath to rescue me from the paws of his enraged brother Joseph, who was standing on the top of the house gaping, and brandish-

ing his spit, I was determined to dash my head against the stones. My petition was instantly granted, I was helped down; and father Jean François perceiving that rigorous measures would only make bad worse, resolved to try what gentle means might do; and I have no doubt that, by using them, he might have managed me properly, if my unrelenting thirst of revenge had not been productive of an incident, in consequence of which I quitted the convent, never to return there again.

Brother Joseph was a stout, athletic fellow, who begged with amazing good grace, was well known in the town and environs, welcomed by the husbands, and still more so by their wives, and would carry to the convent the very timber, if there was nothing else to be found in a house.—I had occasionaly noticed that the bottom drawer of his prayer-desk contained, besides some bottles of liquor, a certain number of half-crowns, that were not intended for him, but which he had thought proper to appropriate to his own use.

—I had, moreover, noticed one certain Marie-Jacques, a peregrinating fish-retailer; she was about forty years old, of a swarthy complexion, thick bushy eye-brows, scarlet bordered eyes, flat nose bedawbed with snuff, hanging breasts, remarkably swollen below the waist, and legs as big as a post.—Marie-Jacques, though of such an enormous bulk and uncouth make as to frighten back the most intrepid grenadier, might still be a dainty morsel for a brother Capuchin.—As I was not permitted to go out of the house, nothing that passed within could escape my observation. I had often discovered Marie-Jacques towards dusk sneaking along the cloister, and brother Joseph going to meet, and converse with her, regardless, in the heat of his passions, either of me or of any body else: indeed, no one besides myself could have suspected Marie-Jacques, who, not having a human shape, was not liable to raise a suspicion.—As I was ruminating one night on the means of bringing an information against my enemy, before the guardian, well founded upon palpable evidence, I thought I heard a

noise in the gallery: I opened my door gently, and fancied I perceived, in the dark, a something stealing into brother Joseph's cell, which was immediately closed again. I approached tip-toe, listened attentively, and was soon convinced.—I then hastened down stairs, locked the cloister and garden gates, and seizing the rattle that served to call the monks to church on Maundy-Thursday, I galloped from one dormitory to another, turning the rattle, and hallooing out, "Marie-Jacques "is gone to bed with brother Joseph."

The amorous monk retained his proper senses; he dressed Marie-Jacques in his own cassock, drew the capouch over her eyes, turned her face to the wall, bundled up her shift and petticoats, took them under his arm, then ran through the gallery; meeting me in his way, he lay me sprawling at ten yards distance with a box on the ear, and went down stairs; but the gates being locked he was forced to get into the cellar, and hid himself behind a washing tub that stood erect against the wall.—In the mean time the guardian, vicar and the rest of the community

rushed out of their respective cells, not knowing but the house was on fire; I was at great pains to have them pay attention to a recital of what I had overheard and seen.—The guardian, however, who by this time had lighted his dark lanthorn, went to brother Joseph's cell, where he found his substitute, which he mistook for Joseph, sleeping on his pallet—"She made off naked," repeated I; "and "knocked me down on her passage: as I "have taken particular care to lock the gates, "she can have found no refuge but in the "cellar."—Thither the guardian and vicar hastily repaired, looked and searched every where, and, as they were close to the tub, brother Joseph threw it over them, and loaded it with half an hundred of faggots; then, seizing a large stick, he ascended the stairs, striking on all sides with his weapon, dispersed us all, re-entered his cell, ordered Marie-Jacques up, stripped her of his cassock, which he fastened around his waist, escorted her down into the garden, threw her cloaths after her, wished her a good-night, as also that she might effect her escape over the

walls, by means of catching hold of the espaliers. An old dog that belonged to the convent scented Marie-Jacques from an hundred yards, barked aloud, and hunted her though lame. She was trying to escape through a square of cabbage, but stumbled, fell down, got up, and took to her heels again—the dog continued the chace, barked louder and louder, and was on the point of snapping her prominent posteriors, when she made a last effort, and was so fortunate as to get on the top of the wall. The centinel who was on duty at the hospital, which was facing, listened, examined, and, not knowing what to make of the shapeless appearance, faultered his "Who's there?"—Marie-Jacques, instead of answering him, took a spring and leaping on his shoulders, crushed him in the fall, and went to hide herself in the sentry-box. The terrified soldier, thinking it was the devil in person who had got upon his back, rose and ran away to the guard-house; a patrole that was just arriving at the farther end of the street, heard a noise and advanced to charge the enemy with fixed bayonets—

Marie-Jacques took to her heels again, met with another patrole, changed her course, and fell in with a large company that were retiring from a wedding—these good people's heads being rather over-heated, and their eye-sight not very clear, they thought at the sight of the female monster, whom her nakedness rendered still more hideous, that they had a ghost in the midst of them, and dispersed, crying out for assistance!—Marie-Jacques proceeded with her bundle on her head, and alarmed every body she passed by, till at last she fell up to her waist into a sink that had been left open.—In a moment the whole guard was out, the patroles were doubled, the inhabitants got out of their beds to look out at the window: those that were in the streets were hurrying home, they were all in confusion, ran against one another, and cried out all at a time, which (by the bye) is the very best method not to be heard. The town-gates' key-keeper started out of his sleep, and fancied the English had rendered themselves masters of the town; he ran in his shirt to the next guard-house, ordered the general to be beat,

and proceeded to call up the commandant—The garrison leave their barracks, and, knapsack on back, range themselves on the *Grande Place.* The commandant arrived sword-in-hand, and marched at the head of a Swiss regiment through the different streets of Calais, but finding no enemy there, he ordered the key-keeper to prison. Tranquillity is now restored, and they begin to understand one another—the commandant is informed that the whole town was in an uproar in consequence of an evil spirit having issued from the convent of the Capuchins: he marched directly to the convent, and ordered the gates to be opened; there he found five or six Capuchins employed in bathing their bruised backs with arquebusade water: they were all in a tremor from a constant roaring they heard and were not able to discover from whence it issued.

The commandant ordered torches to be lighted; the whole house was searched, but nothing was found there, till at last they entered the cellar, and heard this uncommon roaring redouble with fury and seemingly to

issue from under the faggots: the faggots were accordingly removed, when a tub was discovered; the tub was turned over, and, lo! the guardian and vicar were found almost half suffocated, and incapable to account for what had happened. As I was the only primitive cause of all the confusion, without having been able to procure sufficient evidence against brother Joseph, I renounced all hopes of mercy being shewn me by the monks, and instantly concluded I had no other resource left than to get among the soldiers: which plan I followed, got into the street unperceived, and stole into Mr. Dessein's yard, which is open both night and day for the accommodation of the public, from the 1st of January to the 31st of December.

CHAP. V.

A NEW MODE OF TRAVELLING CHEAP.

MY principal care, when I entered Mr. Dessein's hotel was to escape from the researches and vengeance of the reverend father Capuchins, who I thought were very busy about me: the whole of their attention in fact was engrossed by the apprehension lest the scandalous scene that had passed should bring them into disgrace. The house where I had taken a refuge was entirely unknown to me: I could see lights at every window, from which I concluded that it would be an act of impudence to advance farther; I cast my eyes around me and perceived a large elegant berline, which I entered improvidently, and consulted with myself, not about the past, (that I minded little) but about future times, which indeed afforded not a very smiling prospect. My deliberations were often interrupted by

Mr. Dessein's people, who were going about, backwards and forwards, swearing at, calling, and answering one another; and, at every minute, I thought I heard the alarming voice of the inexorable brother Joseph. The noise of the wind beaten weather-cock, a fallen leaf flying about the yard, the very motion I communicated to the berline made me shiver, and I crept into the very corner of the vehicle. Now and then I would rise to reconnoitre and keep up my spirits, that I might better advise upon the situation of my affairs: but the remembrance of brother Joseph deranged all my ideas, and his name was at the end of every sentence I addressed to myself.

My direful sensations, however, were dispersing by degrees, when the approaching morn inspired me with new, more poignant, and more real apprehensions—I was afraid of being detected and surrendered to brother Joseph. If I should venture to get out of my retreat, the first man that should see me would be sure to secure me and take a particular pleasure in reinstating the little run-

away into office under the direction of brother Joseph. This cursed brother Joseph pursued me, perplexed me, tormented me, without ceasing—I could see, hear, and think of nothing else. As I was labouring under this anxiety, a door was opened, I heard somebody in the yard advancing towards the berline; I immediately gathered all my strength, and as quick as thought moved the cushion, lifted up the top of the seat, and jumped in. The person I had heard coming, opened the coach door, got into the coach, moved one thing, then another, set every thing to rights, got out, in, and out again.—I was all in a tremble; my heart beat with violence, a cold sweat ran all over me, I held my breath, listened attentively, and thought I heard the trampling of horses, and the hollow sound of jack boots. At length two persons seated themselves above me, the coach door was shut, the horses started as swift as lightning—and there goes the Shrove-Tid Child, riding post, without knowing ho the expence of he knows not who, and goi he knows not where!

I lay all in a lump, and could not even change my attitude—I suffered excruciating pain from the cramp, and lucky it was that the rattling of the wheels prevented my cries being overheard; but I was clear of the convent of the Capuchins, and I did not want more to make me happy in my mind. My head laid upon one of those keys that serve to unscrew the wheels, and at every jolt I received a most violent blow; the roads in the vicinity of Calais being very well kept, the jolts succeeded each other without intermission, and my head was in a periodical motion somewhat resembling that of a pendulum. The air insensibly grew so dense in my apartment, and there was so little left in about a quarter of an hour, that I no longer breathed but with incredible pain; I could easily calculate how many minutes more I had left before my total suffocation was completed—but I was leaving the convent of the Capuchins at a distance behind and I would have suffered myself to be alive sooner than to return with them, accordingly I was resigned.

A terrible jog that nearly overset the ber-

line, occasioned some change in my attitude, in such a manner, that my left hand, which was hitherto caught under my right thigh, reached one of the extremities of that very hard and noxious key, from whose attacks I was desirous of securing my head, at least; I discovered that the other extremity was held in a chink between two boards that occupied the whole breadth of the carriage; I pulled hard at it, but ineffectually: I pulled still harder, and the key engaged further in;—I was grieved, I was vexed, I raved, and was ready to let go the key, and give up my head and whole carcase to the caprice of fortune, when it struck me, that the key when directed in a particular manner produced the effect of a lever, and heaved up one of the boards; I felt my desponding hopes to revive, my strength to increase, and redoubled my exertions; they were astonishing for my age. I experienced inexpressible joy at finding that, at every thrust, the board came loose: at last I caught it with my right hand, and turned it entirely, with my breast to the lid of the seat

and my head and knees pressing against the pannels to support me. Now I began to have a little air, which, although a great comfort, was not altogether sufficient, for the posture I lay in was intolerable: I rested myself a moment, recovered a little, and began to work again with fresh vigour—I shoved the board backwards and forwards and in every direction, and at last one of the extremities was detached; I threw it into the middle of the road and sent the key after it: then let my legs through the aperture, and found myself pretty comfortably seated. I could breathe at liberty, was freed from the cramp, and made up my mind with riding as long as the proprietor of the berline should think proper.

Miserable is he, who from his cradle is surrounded with beings who interest themselves in his favour—are ever busy about him—indulge him in every thing, anticipate his wishes, and make it their happiness to please him!—Such a creature must necessarily become unfeeling, arrogant and ungrateful!—Whereas the forlorn being, who has not got

a home, and is without any resource, is sensible of his weakness and dependance on his fellow-creatures, also of the necessity of serving them to gain their protection. The most simple truths we are commonly taught by long experience; but my present situation made me conscious at once of my past misconduct, and instructed me how I should behave in future. I had been ungrateful and impertinent to my first benefactors—I had accustomed myself to consider their partiality and attention as a debt they had contracted towards me, and did not think of repaying them! Now I was a stranger to the whole world, had not one single connection, not one person who interested himself in my behalf;—what should I do? what was to become of me?—How much I would be indebted to that benevolent mortal who would be touched with my calamitous state, and deign to assist me! With what unlimited gratitude, attachment and zeal, I would repay his bounty, which, as I had no claim to, should be still dearer to me!—I did not precisely use those clear and correct expressions, but I meant as much.

I was separated from my fellow-travellers by an Utrecht velvet cushion, and a board an inch and an half thick; but fortune, birth, and public esteem, perhaps, had placed between us an interval it should never be in my power to surmount!—The reflection had nothing pleasing, and yet I longed to see the two people over my head; I proposed to read the disposition of their hearts in their looks, and to implore their generosity, in case they were bearers of a frank and open countenance. "I shall relate my adventures to them," said I to myself, "and they will be amused; my "sincere repentance will touch them—my "pretty face will please them, and they will "assist me:—But no," retorted I, a moment after: "the calamities of a stranger "can only inspire cold and transient commi-"seration; they who lodge above me will "think they do quite enough if they bestow "a few pieces of coin upon me, and that with "a disdainful look that will hurt my feelings, "then turn their backs, and desire me to "continue my journey on foot."

During this soliloquy the berline stopped,

for the sixth or seventh time, and I drew up my legs, as I had carefully done at the preceding stages. The coach-door was opened, the travellers alighted, and I heard somebody enquire in broken French, " whether a dinner could " be procured ?"—" Yes, my lord, and such " a dinner as might be served to a prince," answered I know not who, with an affectedly obliging voice.—" Zooks !" thought I, " I " am in company with a lord, and a lord who " is going to have a dinner that might be " served to a prince !—I had but a very in- " different supper last night, and no breakfast " this morning ; I should think it very hard " if I could not get a bit of dinner !—But in " order to get a dinner a man must have mo- " ney ; to possess money he must either work, " have worked, or hold from the savings of " his parents the privilege of demanding " every thing from other people without " doing any for them himself. As for me, " I know neither my father nor mother, I am " ignorant whether they are dead or alive ; " I have never worked, can do nothing, and

" yet I must dine, if I believe my stomach. " Let me see then, whether I cannot share " the superfluity of my lord's table, as I have " shared the superfluity of his berline."

With the top of my head I lifted up the board and cushion, looked out of the carriage, and discovered all the people of the inn employed round half a dozen stoves, and stirring their pans, from whence issued a flavour that quickened my appetite. Down I came into the kitchen, with great assurance, and true footman-like, that is to say, in a loud, impertinent tone, enquired which room my lord had been shewn into? " Number three," replied the cook, without even turning his head, for fear his ragouts should burn. I seized a towel, placed it under my arm, in the manner I had seen Mademoiselle Suzon, when she stood behind Mr. Bridault, on gala days—ran up stairs, opened the door of the apartment number three, and took my post behind my lord. There I stood as firm as a rock, and as stiff as a poker: a young lady, about my age, who sat opposite, saw me, and burst out laughing.—My lord turned his head,

looked at me with great gravity, finished his slice of roast-beef, and called to me—" little " boy, bring up the plumb-pudding, and " bid the landlady make a bowl of punch." —I run, I fly, and my lord's commands are obeyed. The landlady laughed at me in her turn, sent me up with a ragout, which I fancied must be excellent, though I had never tasted any of the kind; and, as I went out, I heard her say to the people in the kitchen, " We must confess, the English have droll " fancies: was ever a foot-boy dressed in that " style before?" — My lord tasted the plumb-pudding, eat two or three slices, whilst the little Miss, who had done eating, could not keep her eyes from me, and laughed heartily all the while.—" Have done your " laughing, Miss," said my lord, " you " laugh as if you were a French woman: ex- " cessive laughing is a visible symptom of " frivolity, weak understanding, and stupi- " dity. Wise people, philosophers, English- " men never laugh."—But little Miss laughed still more.

I could not conceive what made her so

merry, was quite impatient to know the cause of her gaiety, and anxious to discover it: a looking-glass soon let me into the whole secret: it was my shorn head, brown calotte, and extraordinary equipage, that made every body laugh; I was such an odd figure, that I could not help laughing myself.—My lord, who never laughed, and was in all probability sparing of his words, beckoned to me to uncover the table; and, when I had done, "This landlady of ours," says he to his daughter, "must be void of common sense, "to degrade the young boy so with the garb "of a monk! how ridiculous!"—"The "punch is ready," says the hostess, as I was coming into the kitchen; "and I suppose "you wish for your dinner, don't you?"— "I do, and a plentiful one too," replied I. —"Well," returned she, "carry this to "your master, and I will take good care of "you when you return."—I spared the good woman the trouble of repeating the sweet promise, but hastened to my lord's apartment with the bowl of punch, placed it before him, ran down stairs, and took my seat

at the *table d'hôte*; I eat and drank as heartily as a man who is very uncertain whether he shall get a bit of supper; and afterwards watched an opportunity of stealing unperceived into the berline, and resuming my former place. I did not know which road I travelled, what town I was in, whether my lord would leave it when he had finished his punch, whether he would not stop all day, and even the day following; but I had dined, and was glad to avoid all kind of explanations; and, as I had been up the whole preceding night, I wanted a little rest, and went to sleep.

When I awoke, the sun was gone to light the antipodes, or our globe had turned half round, according to the system of Descartes or Ticho Brahe, the reader may chuse.—The carriage drove on full speed, notwithstanding the laws of gravitation, and I felt myself refreshed, chearful, and in good spirits. I discovered that our ideas effectually depend on our digestion; for my evening ideas were lively and gay in comparison to what my morning ideas were.—The apprehensions that

had troubled my head were vanished; my lord seemed to be a good-natured man, notwithstanding some little peculiarities, and I determined to bring my adventure to an issue.

We stopped at the gates of a town: the postillion called up the porter, bawled, and swore and smacked his whip loud enough to awake a corpse, and yet the porter would not come. "God d——n this porter of Amiens," exclaimed my lord, "this is the way he al-"ways serves me."—Oh! Oh! says I, so then I am come to Amiens! The inhabitants who suffer themselves to be caught with nuts, must be made like squirrels, as Mr. Bridault has told me; well, well, I shall have a peep at them presently.—At last the gates were open: "Here is a guinea for you, "my friend," said my lord to the porter, in a tragi-comic tone; "but, harkee, remem-"ber, that an English gentleman is never "to be detained waiting."—The porter muttered a thousand apologies, he did not expect an English gentleman was coming to Amiens that night: he would not have gone to bed

if he could have imagined that an English gentleman was travelling that road, &c. &c. &c. For what I know, he had not finished his speech, when we were already arrived at the inn —I briskly jumped out of my hole, opened the coach-door, and handed my lord out of the carriage, who stared at me by the light of several flambeaux. " Ah! ah!" exclaimed my lord.—" Oh! oh!" cried little Miss.—" Hey! hey!" said the people of the house.—However, I was not discomposed: I took my lord's night-bag in one hand, a light in the other, and walked foremost, crying aloud, "room, room, for my lord! " the best apartment in the house for my lord; " a princely supper for my lord, and let " it be served immediately; my lord is not to " be detained waiting like a Frenchman."— " Ah! ah!" repeated my lord, who followed me close. " What a comical little fellow," said Miss, laughing; and all the servants who came in the rear laughed still louder than she at my seraphic appearance.—My lord stopped short half way, and, turning towards the company, said to them very gravely;

"Wherefore do you laugh at this young "boy? what signifies whether he is dressed "one way or t'other! Mind the man and not "his covering; the coat is not to be looked "at unless the individual that wears it be "null. Go and fetch a broker, and hold "your tongues."—"Ah! ah!" says I to myself in a whisper, "this bodes me some-"thing good."

After we had been shewn into a pretty decent room, I enquired whether my lord would not like to be undressed, and, without waiting for an answer, I drew from the bag a white cotton night-cap, a quilted cotton morning-gown, a pair of green Morocco slippers, and his tobacco-box. Then I pulled off his bob-wig, released him from his brown coat and scarlet gold-laced waistcoat, and helped him to put on his evening accoutrements, and reached an arm-chair. My lord sat down, and was content with repeating his favourite monosyllable, ah! ah! and gazing upon me with admiration.—My lord not being able to unbuckle his shoes, in consequence of his belly describing a semi-circle,

that began at the collar-bone and ended at his knees, presented both his feet to me, that I might unbuckle his shoes for him; hard work it was, and hard did I struggle to support such lumps of fat as hung over his feet; at last, however, the shoes being removed, he put on his slippers.—" You have done it " cleverly," said my lord, " and now, pray " let me know how I happen to meet you " every where, and what devil conveys you " from one place to another."—I expected as much, recounted my history, without omitting the minutest circumstance.—As my lord had previously delivered his opinion upon laughing, he was forced to bite his lips every now and then, for fear his gravity should forsake him; but, at last, his efforts proved unsuccessful, and nature got the better of them; the muscles of his face began to distend, his belly was put in motion and beat alternately his chin and his knees. His hands, that were leaning on his arm-chair, could hardly support his convulsed body; he was seized with a fit of coughing, and, in less than a minute, was turned purple: his

daughter, who herself was ready to burst her sides with laughing, hastened, however, to untie his cravat, and I thumped his back.

My lord's belly was recovering its usual situation, the muscles of his face resuming their immobility, and his blood beginning to circulate, when a man entered the room with a large bundle of clothes of all sizes and cuts. "Fit this young lad," said my lord; and then turning to the fire to light his pipe, he took no further notice of what passed behind his back.

I examined the whole contents of the broker's bag, and modestly fixed my choice upon a sky-blue jacket laced all over the seams with silver, a pink waistcoat, and a pair of buff-coloured breeches: besides, I found half a dozen callico handkerchiefs in the bottom of the bag, and I fancied they would answer very well for cravats, and as substitutes for my calotte. I went into another room to dress myself, and, in the course of five minutes, returned, equipped in a manner that would do credit to my lord's generosity.—"Oh! how well he looks," says little

little Miss! "look, papa, what a charming "figure he has!"—My lord, without looking at me, touched the bell, and the landlady obeyed the summons.—"Mistress," said he to her, "discharge this broker's bill, and or-"der all your people up here." The apartment was instantly filled with scullions, waiters, grooms, ostlers, and a whole set of female servants, such as in the morning desire a traveller not to forget the maid, because they have covered a bed, and discovered something else for him. "Be ye informed," said my lord to them all, "that this young boy "belongs to me, and that nobody is to make "game of any one belonging to an English "gentleman." I jumped for joy; my lord perceived it, and did not seem displeased: he then beckoned them off, and they withdrew, without either laughing or offering to speak a word.

I immediately began to do my duty, brought up the supper, and waited upon my lord with dexterity and attention. He dispatched his victuals at a great rate, and drank

as plentifully: I took care to fill his glass the moment it was empty, which I repeated very frequently. As he had called for a bowl of punch at dinner, I anticipated his command, and, on my own accord, ordered one after his supper, and brought it up, with an English newspaper, that I had found in the bar; at which last circumstance he was so well pleased, that he could not help nodding approbation. I afterwards went down into the kitchen, where I had my supper, and was waited upon with such marks of respect, as flattered me very much: when I found myself in a condition to wait for my breakfast, I was shewn to an excellent bed, laid myself down with great pleasure, and blessed my present situation.

CHAP. VI.

I ARRIVE IN PARIS.

A MAN cannot change from a desperate state to a tolerable good situation, without experiencing unknown, pleasing, and, perhaps, chimerical sensations; yet his imagination unwillingly dwells upon and embellishes them with the appearance of reality. Happiness is no longer a fantastical object; we see it, we touch it, we become conscious of its existence; and, if we recall to our minds the crisis that has preceded those hours of enthusiasm, it is only with a view of enjoying our actual felicity the better. A lover, in despair for the unfaithfulness of his adored mistress, who hears undeniable proofs of her constant fidelity:—the ambitious man, with hollow cheeks and livid complexion, who receives a commission which he was told had been granted to one of his competitors:—a miser, who trembles for fear his treasure

shall be destroyed with his house, on fire, and escapes through the flames with his strong box under his arm:—the seaman, that opposes the violence of the waves under which his vessel was buried, and who from the dry shore braves their impotent fury:—the unfortunate convict, whose innocence is declared as he ascends the scaffold:—these alone can form an exact idea of what my feelings were.—My room, my bed, my clothes, my lord, his daughter, his carriage, the present and the future, appeared before my eyes, and bore the most beautiful prospects. I yielded to the alluring charm: I felt as if rocked in my cradle by the hand of pleasure: I did not sleep, nor did I even think of sleeping: I was better employed, I was swimming in joy, and this present night was the most delightful I ever had in all my life.

The clock had just struck five, and every thing about me was silent. My lord, says I, must not wait, neither shall he wait. I got up instantly, looked at every article of my dress separately, laid them on the floor, on the chairs, on the bed, gazed at them,

felt them, kissed them, even spoke to them. —How rich, how elegant, said I, as I was dressing myself, and all these riches are mine! I considered my whole person in the glass, and was happy with the observation, that my face and shape were no disparagement to my equipage. Miss is very right, cried I, when I had completed my toilette, I am really a very handsome lad.

I went down to my lord's bed-chamber door, and listened, but silence still prevailed. Let me wait here motionless, continued I, and, as soon as my lord opens his eyes, let him reap the fruits of his generosity, and receive true enjoyment from my gratitude. A moment after, I heard him cough, blow his nose, and ring the bell.—The door flew open—"I am satisfied," said my lord, "order the horses to be got ready, and send "up the breakfast."—They were all yet in bed; I ran all over the house, and called the landlady and her servants up; and, whilst they stood gaping and rubbing their eyes, I lighted a large fire, put the kettle on, and

made towards the post-house. There was a carriage waiting, and fresh horses going to be put: "These are for my lord," cried I aloud, from a distance of at least fifty yards: "quick, my lord wants his horses:" and the title had no sooner saluted the postillion's ears, than he followed me at a round trot, leaving the good people, who had been waiting long enough before, to conceive the reason why the fellow preferred serving an Englishman rather than French people of fashion, who allow the postillions ten sous at every stage.

I returned into the kitchen, and bade the cook to make haste: the tea-things being ready, I brought them up myself, and informed my lord that his horses were ready and the berline in waiting: then I wiped my face artfully, that his lordship might not be ignorant that I had been running. Miss entered the room, and smiled gracefully to me: they breakfasted, called for and discharged the bill, and we all got into the yard.

I was little more than eleven, and, consequently, it was not very probable I knew how

to manage a horse, and could bear the fatigue of riding post on horseback; besides, I had neither a black velvet montero, nor leather breeches, nor light English boots; and it was impossible, consistent with the rules of common propriety, that my lord's servant could ride a horse, unless his equipage was complete: it was accordingly decided, that I should ride inside of the carriage from Amiens to Paris.

My lord sat on the back seat, with his legs extended on the cushion of the front seat: Miss sat by the side of him, and I sat facing Miss. Our eyes constantly met each others; her's were beautiful, and I felt great pleasure in looking at them: her knees were close to mine, which gave me additional pleasure; she sometimes spoke to me, and her voice was soothing to my ear: she addressed me with such sweetness that my heart was smitten.

My lord wished to make a complete English woman of his daughter: I mean, that he laboured to persuade her, that the English

are the first nation in the world; that all the rest are mere barbarians, at best deserving to serve and admire his countrymen.—My lord, who often was silent from system and habit, would speak without ceasing when he had an opportunity of ridiculing or defaming the French.—He opened the conversation by abusing them most virulently, and, in order that his erudition should not be displayed in vain in my presence, he was so very complaisant as to revile us in our native tongue. —Now, my lord spoke the French language no better than a schoolmaster speaks Greek: and his daughter, who spoke it amazingly well, laughed at his gibberish, and even sometimes pretended to correct his language. This made my lord very angry; he pretended also to support, that the words he used and his pronunciation were equally correct.—Little Miss contended the contrary, took a little book out of her pocket, looked for the word that had occasioned the dispute, found it out at last, and appealed to me for a decision. For the first time, I was now sensible that reading could be of some utility.

I blushed, without answering her, and thought I could read in the looks of young Miss how much she regretted having mortified me.

We arrived at Chantilly. The inn where we alighted being full, there was no possibility of procuring an apartment for my lord; but he was told there was a single gentleman, whose dinner was just ready, who, from his polite appearance, would probably have no objection to such a guest.—" I should wonder " if he had," replied my lord; " go, little " boy, with my compliments, and tell that " gentleman that Lord Tillmouth and Miss " Juliet, his daughter, propose to dine with " him."—The gentleman listened to me with affability, and did not even seem to notice that the message might have been somewhat more polite, but answered, " he would be very " happy to do any thing agreeable to his " lordship."—" I give him credit for that," said my lord, when I brought back the gentleman's answer; and he went to join him, without any farther delay. The French gentleman advanced to meet him, saluted him in

a respectful manner, offered his hand to Miss Juliet, and reached her a chair; to all which civilities my lord answered, very abruptly, "Very well, very well, don't be disturbed." Miss added, "We are very happy, sir, that "mere chance has procured us the pleasure "of your acquaintance:"—"Enough said, "enough said," interrupted my lord, "let "us have our dinner; I am very hungry "and in a hurry to go."—Miss blushed, the gentleman smiled, the dinner was served, and they sat down to table.

The French gentleman was about five and thirty years of age, easy in his manners, civil, frank, and lively; in short, one of those persons that please at first sight: I readily perceived that Miss liked him as much as he was taken with her juvenile graces, propriety of manners, and good sense. My lord grew more surly in proportion as the gentleman appeared more agreeable.

A very long conversation ensued, the two nations were compared, and my lord did not hesitate to declare that there was no comparison to be made between the valiant, free

English and a nation of miserable slaves.... The conversation was too long to find its place here, let it suffice to say, that when it ended, and the French gentleman had taken his leave, my lord let out a triple oath ... "Lit- "tle chap," said he to me, "call for the "bill, and let us be gone."—"My lord," answered a servant, who was coming in at the very moment, "your dinner has been "paid for by the Marquis of C****."— "How," replied my lord, with another oath, and stamping the ground, "a stranger, a "Frenchman, pay for my Lord Tillmouth's "dinner. Here are ten guineas for you, "waiter, and if that impertinent Marquis of "C**** ever comes this way again, tell him "that I gave you, to drink my health, four "times as much as his dinner cost him." At last we departed, and my lord did not cease grumbling till we reached the Hôtel des Milords, Passage des Petits-Peres, and then it was late.

CHAP. VII.

A DAY IN PARIS.

THE next morning my lord gave me his general orders for all the year round: I was to rise every morning at seven, to wait upon him at eight, to beat and brush his coat, clean his shoes, bring up his breakfast, put on his shoes, pass his cravat round his neck, fasten his wig upon his head, help him into his carriage, go wherever I chose till four, when I must return to the hotel to wait upon him at dinner, or to have my own dinner, supposing he should please to get his elsewhere. I was master of my time and actions till ten o'clock at night, when I must get his slippers and cotton night-cap ready, fill his pipe, and lay the English papers on his night-table: this part of my duty being discharged, I might take a nap on the sopha, or muse and sit idle till he came home, according as I was disposed to sleep or keep awake. This mode of

dividing my time appeared to me as pleasing as that which brother Joseph had prescribed was tiresome and ridiculous, and I told my lord that he might depend upon my punctuality.

Every master wishes to know, at least, his valet's name, and I was asked for mine ?—I had always gone by that of Jean, in commemoration, I suppose, of father Jean François; but my lord did not like it, he knew there were Jeans enough already of every description in Paris: namely, Jean-Sucre; Jean-Farine; Jean before marriage if he matches with a dark-eyed wench; Jean after marriage if he does not look sharp; Jean whom his wife sends to a mad-house; Jean who (by the assistance of his wife) is made a farmer general; Jean that the lady's lover caresses; Jean that he beats; Jean who laments being Jean, and Jean who laughs at it and is right, &c. &c. and Miss Juliet decided that I should henceforth be called l'Heureux, which name I found rather a curious one, though it is but a translation of the Felix of the Latins, as I have been told since.

Next to these preliminary arrangements my lord sat down to his bureau to inform the peers of England, Scotland, and Ireland, of his safe arrival in the capital of the French empire, and Miss Juliet went into her dressing-room, whither I followed her on tip-toe. She sat down before her looking-glass, looked at herself with satisfaction whilst placing a ribbon on her hair—she was a woman, she was young and handsome, therefore, it was very natural in her being pleased with herself. I was leaning on the back of her chair, gazing upon her; her black eye, smooth skin, beautiful round arm, and white pretty hand, alternately fixed my attention. I had not followed Miss for the purpose of admiring her, but I had forgot what brought me there, and continued gazing; Miss at last discovered my face that was reflected in one of the corners of her glass, and she looked at me in her turn.—I cast down my eyes and blushed, without being able to account from what motive; I quitted the back of her chair, and my eyes involuntarily wandered again over the glass; Miss smiled at me—I resumed my former

position, and I believe I smiled at her: she then turned towards me, and asked me what I wanted?—" I have received my lord's " commands," replied I, " and now I am " come to take yours."—" I have no orders " to give you," said Miss, " and I think my " papa has divided your time in such a man- " ner that you will have but little left to be " idle, or to do mischief. Tell me, how do " you intend to employ your leisure hours?" I answered, " Though Miss will not favour " me with her commands, I hope she will " not deny me her advice." She rose, took a book, put it into my hand, and squeezing it gently, said: " I can read, l'Heureux."—My lord called me, gave me several letters to carry in different parts of the town, got into his carriage with his daughter, and the coachman was ordered to drive to his Britannic Majesty's Ambassador's hotel.

I turned my lord's letters in my hand, and said, " I shall be obliged to desire somebody " to read the directions—what a disgrace!— " The people I shall apply to will think I am " a dunce, and yet I must submit to it."—I

then opened the book Miss had given me: "she has read it," said I, "I believe I should "like to read it too; I must learn to read." I went into the kitchen, and examined every one's face, but none of them looked scientific: they were a company of greasy, stinking scullions, rude or giddy fellows, who spent their whole life-time in opening and shutting doors, or carrying dishes up and down. The butler, no doubt, must be a scholar, but his serious occupations would not allow him time enough to instruct me; besides, his formal solemn air diverted me from asking him.

There was a tub just by a post, in our street, and in that tub sat a jolly wench, about sixteen or seventeen; her hair was confined under a plain cap set awry, her gown was worn out at the elbows, and yet the lass looked handsome: health shone on her face, sprightliness in her eyes, and she was singing—one eye fixed on a song-book that was pinned up before, and the other upon a piece of green cloth with which she was mending a grey

grey stocking. Why does a woman always inspire more confidence than a man?—Why do we like to be obligated to a woman in preference?—Why does an old woman inspire respect only?—Why do we keep at a distance from such of the sex for which we feel respect only?—Why does an aged woman, if we respect her not, appear ridiculous? &c. &c.—These questions a boy of eleven is apt to put to himself, which are easily resolved by the youth of sixteen. However, I accosted the young stocking-mender with my hat off, bowed to her with an air of timidity, and told her that, "I was very unhappy, that I could "not read, but I was very anxious to learn." She took me by the hand, without interrupting her song, made me sit by her, finished her second verse, lay my book open on the edge of her tub, drew a large needle from her pin-case, and gave me my first lesson, after which I set off for the Rue du Bac, where she had told me one of the letters was directed.

I had formed a grand idea of Paris from what I had heard, but I had not gone a great way before my admiration abated; the men were not made otherwise than in Calais—the women were dressed much alike; the houses were built of stone; the streets narrow and dirty. One passenger with his elbow made me turn to the right, another would make me turn to the left, and so I resumed my former position; a hair-dresser powdered my coat on one side, and a chimney-sweeper daubed me all over with soot on the other—the water-seller dropt part of his merchandize in my shoes, and the beau, who was driving his whiskey at a devilish rate, forced me to stick close to the wall to prevent being run over, and splashed me from head to foot; some women, painted as red as coach wheels, with naked bosoms and their petticoats held up to their knees, would stroke my chin and address me in a language I could not comprehend. I bowed to every body, as it is practised in Calais, but no body minded me; people were seen going backwards and forwards, and this way and that way, all of them

very busy in appearance, and seemingly in a great hurry, running against each other, or willing to make room two at the same time, would smack their heads together, get a bloody nose a piece, beg one another's pardon, and off with them again, as if nothing had happened. I could not conceive how all France was to be found in Paris, and what pressing business made all these people run at a time; but I was sensible that the first thing a man must learn upon his arrival in that city was the art of escaping all these runners, both on foot and horseback. I now advanced with great precaution through consideration for my own person and regard for my lord's silver-laced waistcoat, and whispered to myself, "Oh! what a dull town! "Oh! what stupid people!"

I entered the Palais-Royal, where the rabble of every description were permitted to go through till ten o'clock: I was amazed at the magnificence of the palace, the beautiful style of the garden, the gait, elegance, and graces of the fashionable women, who already took

their morning walk, at the pleasing easy manner in which the men accosted them, and I said to myself, "Paris does not entirely con-"sist in its streets, and I may have been mis-"taken at first." I crossed the Place facing the palace, then the Rue de l'Echelle, and unexpectedly found myself in the Thuilleries. At sight of the Louvre, an immense garden, and the marble statues with which it is adorned, I felt myself penetrated with respect and awe, and owned that Paris was worth Calais, at least.—As I was going out, through that gate that leads to the water-side, I saw one of the sides of the Pont-Royal crowded with people, whom I thought were observing some hydraulic phenomenon. I drew near, and found it was a dog that had been drowned, and followed the course of the river:—I laughed at the spectators. A little gentleman, dressed in a shabby coat, with a bag-wig, an umbrella under one arm, and a little lap-dog under the other, told me, that I was no better than an impertinent country fellow; to which I replied, that he was no better than a Parisian and a fool, and proceeded to the

Rue du Bac, where I perceived a fellow as clumsy as a bear, and as strong apparently, who stood gaping at the door of an hotel, and waiting for a porter's job. I asked him for a house I wanted to go to; he pointed it out to me, and I delivered the letter to the Swiss (for you must know, that it is requisite, in order to be a nobleman's porter in Paris, to be a member of the Thirteen Cantons). I desired the Swiss to shew me which way I must go to carry my other letters, of no less consequence than that I had brought to his master; and he sent me to the Chaussée d'Antin; so that I had another opportunity of repassing the Pont-Royal, where I saw a score of ladies looking at a young man who swam on his back with particular grace; and I again asked my nearest way.

After having trudged for about half an hour, I thought proper to rest myself, and examine the various shops that are such an ornament to the streets of Paris. I was really astonished at the variety and riches that I observed in some of them, and could not

help exclaiming aloud: "Oh! my God: "what beautiful shops."—"What do you "mean by shops?" retorted a shopkeeper, who stood at his door. "You must know, "friend, that in Paris there are no more "shops nor shopkeepers. A man is in *busi-* "*ness*, and keeps a *warehouse*."—I really went by perfumery *warehouses*, that were four feet square, and contained three or four wash-balls, a pound or two of pomatum, and five or six pairs of gloves. I passed I know not how many millinery *warehouses*, where a few stained caps hung at the window for mere form, but where a few young so-so girls were in *business*, and accordingly now and then left the *warehouse* in front, to step into the back-parlour. I noticed some boot and shoe *warehouses*, and found, that the *business* of the proprietor consisted in mending old shoes: nay, booksellers had *warehouses*, that contained between fifty and sixty odd volumes, and the *business* of their owner was to fetch out such volumes as were missing in a set. At length, I stopped to admire a true *warehouse*, where I thought I discovered the pearls

of the East, the diamonds of Golconda, and the mines of Potosa. Every thing here was elegantly brilliant. The name of the *warehouse* keeper, which was written in characters six inches long, formed with brilliants as big as my thumb, and surrounded with glittering beams, adorned the back-part of the *warehouse*. The lady *warehouse* keeper sat behind a mahogany compter, like a Madona in a niche, with her head overloaded with stars and aigrets; and her ears pulled down with the weight of her huge diamond ear-rings. Alas! part of these were false, but I did not know it, and I was in raptures. I stood as if I had been nailed before that heap of imaginary riches; I glutted my eyes with the pleasure of gazing upon them, and did not perceive, that one man, two men, twenty, forty, fifty men had successively gathered around me, with their mouths wide open, their eyes fixed on the back-part of the *warehouse*, and who endeavoured to discover the object of my imperturbable attention. One of them, more impatient than the rest, patted me upon

the shoulder, and said: "What the deuce "are you looking at?"—"I am not looking "at any thing particular; I am admiring the "whole," replied I.—"Only think," added he, "this little rascal has been keeping us "here this hour for nothing," and smack, he gave me a kick on the backside, and I run away for fear of getting a second.—The kick had strained a nerve, and I walked lame—five or six boys followed me, limping: I did not like to be made game of; I banged two or three, and took to my heels.—They pursued me, crying out, "stop thief." Thirty people joined them in the chace: a detachment of wooden-leg'd invalids followed hopping, and beating time with their timber-toes; all the dogs of the town were barking, and the apprentices leaving their shops; my pursuers increased; I continued running, but they followed me close; and were undoubtedly going to drub me severely, without listening to my reasons, when a woman, who stood in the middle of the street, in the same attitude as Sterne's Madame de Rambouillet, in the Cul-de-Sac de l'Oratoire, and let many

a loud prisoner loose, attracted the attention of my *badauds* *, at the corner of the Pavillon d'Hanovre. They made game of her; she pelted them with mud, and, whilst they were fighting it out, I entered the first alley of the Chaussée d'Antin, and exclaimed: "oh what a dull town! oh what stupid "people!"

A superannuated little woman, as thin as a lath, all over wrinkled, and as ugly as the seven capital sins, sprung from a dark hole made under the stair-case, or, if you like it better, from her lodge, and asked me, in a quivering voice, what made me so angry. I related my misadventure; she sympathised with me in my vexation, delivered a letter which was directed to a gentleman who lodged in the next house, told me the two others were to be carried to the Rue de Sève, wished me a good journey, consoled me, embraced me, spit the only tooth she had left into my face, and crept into her hole again.

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* *Badaud* signifies a booby or simple fellow, and is a nick-name given to the Parisians; in the same manner as *Cockney* is to the Londoners.

I then proceeded, but walked slowly, without minding what passed around me; and proposed doing like many other people, who have eyes and do not see, ears and do not hear, and hands, which they carry in their waistcoat or breeches pockets: in short, I was sad, sulky, and censorious, when I discovered a mountebank doctor amusing the public with a shew. His harlequin, an impudent liar, if ever there was one, was haranguing the stupid spectators, in order to impose upon them the better, and I could not resist the temptation of stopping to listen to him myself.

I yawned and shrugged up my shoulders in silence; whereas, the rest of the audience were in raptures. When I had left the mountebank, I perceived that I missed my handkerchief; I consequently returned, and endeavoured to recollect the very stones I had trod upon, but in vain, there was no handkerchief there: I fancied it might have fallen at the feet of the *incredible* harlequin, and drew near. I enquired whether any body had seen my handkerchief? they laughed at me,

and at last I was informed that there were some people in Paris, whose *business* it was to pick other people's pockets. I was forced to resign myself; I went straight on to the Rue de Sève, where I arrived without accident.

My letters were all delivered, and it was high time they were, for my legs could hardly support me. I enquired of myself why they build cities as large as a whole county? and answered to myself, that I knew not the reason why. So I determined to hobble along back to the Hôtel des Milords.

Two men passed near me, Parisian-like, that is to say, apparently very busy, though they have no business to do. One of them was saying to the other: "He has dug up "this corpse at Clamart."—"That is very "plain," replied the other, "and has even "carried off the sheet."—The former resumed: "'Tis our surgeons, who make no- "thing of violating the tombs of the dead, "under a pretence of curing the living; as "if the living had any connection with the "dead."—"If, at least," continued the latter,

" such practices were carried on in the dead " of night, there would be no scandal; but to " walk the streets of Paris at this time of day " with a corpse on one's back, is bidding de- " fiance to the public, the police, and its " statutes . . . . . and, besides, who knows " whom this body belonged to, that is going " to be cut all to pieces? perchance to the " soul of your departed father, or to that of " my late parent." . . . At this, both of them cried out at a time, as if by inspiration— " we must have him arrested at the next " guard-house."—I looked behind me, and, in fact, discovered a man walking on very quietly, and who carried a corpse, pretty neatly wrapped up, whose extremities, however, dangled after the movement of the porter. " Alas!" thought I, " this poor fel- " low very likely will be the sport of circum- " stances and of fools, as I have been: they " will arrest him, imprison him, and, per- " haps, use him still worse, for having wished " to instruct himself and be serviceable to " others: I must warn him, I must, I " will." I stopped till he came up to me,

and advised him to go another way: but he continued his course without answering me. —I pulled him by his coat, and repeated the advice; he looked at me, and went on.—I took him by the arm, and intreated him to avoid bad consequences; I pressed him in the most pathetic words: he looked and nodded at me, but went on.—On a sudden we were surrounded by the guard, and a sergeant, who was beating the pavement with his halbert, arrested us in the king's name.—I told the sergeant that I was not a church-yard robber, nor resurrection man; that I belonged to lord Tillmouth, and that I did not know the man in whose company they arrested me. The sergeant replied, that I had laid hold of his arm, which evinced that I was his accomplice, and that we should both of us be taken to the guard-house, till further enquiry was made. As I was not the strongest, I was compelled to follow the guard, and again repeated: "Oh, what a dull town! oh what "stupid people!"

The guard-house door was already obstructed by numbers of amateurs, who were

very eager to see a corpse, and began to stop their noses, though we were still twenty yards from them. The sergeant observing that, also pulled out his handkerchief; and the soldiers, who had none, lifted the skirts of their coats to their noses; the centinel was commanded to keep the passengers on the other side of the street, for fear of a contagion, and such a precaution only increased their curiosity and number.

The porter discharged his burden on the field-bed, sat down by it, but would not answer the interrogations of the sergeant, who also examined me in my turn, but could not get any further information.—He thought, considering the urgency of the present case, that he might give the commissary the trouble of coming to the guard-house: he accordingly dispatched the corporal, a man of great experience, and famous for arresting women of the town, and removing their furniture.—The magistrate made his appearance in his gown, attended by his clerk, in a black coat and long flowing hair; and prepared to sit over the body, and fill up a warrant against

the delinquents: the clerk previously bathed his temples with *eau de Cologne* made in Paris, and emptied his smelling-bottle on the ground; next he took his pen, and began writing the usual protocol; the commissary asked me my name and profession, and where I lived? I answered all these questions, which he repeated to the corpse-stealer, who, instead of answering him, burst out laughing. —"You laugh very unseasonably," said I to him, pushing him with my elbow; "our "affair takes a sad turn." . . . "Who," continued the commissary to his clerk, "has "refused to answer, and has given defiance "to justice, by laughing at a magistrate?"— At these dreadful words, I trembled as heartily as I had done in Monsieur Dessein's yard. —"Now," resumed the commissary, "let "us proceed to the examination of the dead "body: drummer, untie the sheet." The drummer obeyed with a grimace, and the stupified commissary found it was a large doll, that a painter belonging to the academy was sending to one of his friends, and that the porter was deaf and dumb.

The spectators hooted the sergeant, the guards, the commissary, and his clerk. The magistrate complained of the sergeant having exposed the dignity of his office; reproached him with having been the occasion, once before, of his having put the seals on a trunk, full of plate, said he, that contained nothing but stones; and threatened him, that, unless he would look more sharp, he should be broke. The sergeant excused himself, and protested his good intentions; and I got out of the guard-house amidst the bravos and huzzas of the multitude, clapping their hands, as, indeed, they are as much pleased at finding a man innocent as if he was guilty, but who stand in need of shews and spectacles of any kind whatever.

It was very near six in the evening, as I could see by the clock on the Pont-Neuf, which, though an old thing, must continue on the Pont-Neuf as long as time and the river Seine will suffer it to stand. I was rather embarrassed to know what my lord would think of my stopping so long, and whether he

he would receive my excuses; I was afraid lest Miss should suspect my conduct, and imagine I had been playing some foolish tricks, whereas I had been exposed myself to tricks of all sorts. The affection of my lord I valued much, but that of Miss flattered me more: I was determined to perform wonders, in order to preserve it, and was sensible I could not be comforted for the loss of it.

I was informed, when I returned, that my lord had not dined at home; and was glad to be exempt from satisfying his curiosity at the expence of my pride. I eat a little something in a hurry, and introduced myself to the people of the house. I was in waiting when my lord arrived; I ran to open the coach-door: Miss jumped into my arms, my lord leaned upon my shoulder, and presented his hand to a countryman of his, almost as corpulent as himself.

Punch and pipes were called for: I drew a small table near; my lord sat on one side, his friend on the other, and the two grave philosophers, with their heads leaning on their

elbows, began blowing smoke in each other's noses for about half an hour; and every now and then applied to the bowl, in order to supply their abundant expectoration.

Miss was seated on the sofa, as if at work. I seemed as if I was absent, and approached the sofa: I felt her behind me—a something whispered to me to sit down—a something whispered to me not to presume so much;.... I was uncertain, embarrassed—she pulled me gently, and I offered no resistance.—She asked me in a whisper what I had seen remarkable in Paris.—I felt a temptation to lie, but found I could not: related every thing that had happened to me, except the business of my learning to read, which I concealed from her, I knew not why.—At the recital of every new catastrophe, Miss would exclaim: "poor l'Heureux:" and the pleasure of being pitied by Miss, erased from my mind the recollection of my troubles.

CHAP. VIII.

THE INFLUENCE OF A PHYSICIAN.

MY lord's usual company was composed of some few solid Englishmen, and a French physician, about thirty years of age: he had a full face, an agreeable countenance; a wig symmetrically combed over, very nicely powdered; a full suit of black silk, that enhanced the freshness of his complexion; a pair of English point ruffles, falling over his plump hand, that caressed a gold raven-bill headed cane; and the eye of the spectator was pleased to stop upon a superb single diamond ring, that he wore on his little finger. He displayed all the graces becoming a physician. He was amiable, witty, and lively; was acquainted with the fashionable anecdotes; spoke with facility on every subject; and sometimes cured his patients, whom he entertained at the same time. All the great people

at court and in town would have him; in short, he was a necessary man for all those who boasted of good breeding, and wished to die decently, and according to the rules.

This doctor had received a note from my lord, and came to present his respects. He congratulated him on his happy return to Paris, promised to cure him of his national antipathy, and tried to make him laugh, by recounting the history of three or four ladies that every body knew, and yet were dropt into oblivion by dint of too much celebrity. He found that Miss was grown tall and handsome, and kissed the little angel's hand; which did not please her much—nor me either.

After this preliminary introduction, he assumed the physician: he found that my lord was grown prodigiously fat, and repeated ten times over, that the foggy air of London was quite contrary to his lordship's constitution. He recalled to my lord that he had regularly lost of his corpulence at every journey to Paris; that the rarefaction of the air refined his brain; that his fibres, nerves, muscles, &c. resumed their elasticity; that

his excessive good case tended to a direct apoplexy; that he would not answer for his life in case my lord should return to England; that the love of his country ought not to make him renounce the love of himself; that the wise man's country is every where; that, indeed, the French were fools, but that their folly was pleasing; and that, take it all together, it was better to live in Paris by reason, than to go and die in London from system.

Who is the patient so daring as to dispute with the faculty? We laugh at medicine, we joke at physicians, we are lavish of epigrams and lampoons; we rebel against them when in company with our friends: but the physician is avenged when he has us in private. He cuts, he prescribes, he kills; and the humble patient obeys and dies. My lord listened patiently to the doctor; he even displayed great docility and submission; but when the doctor advised him to sell his estate, to lodge all his property in the French funds, and to settle in France, he flew into a violent

passion.—The doctor insisted; my lord resisted: he objected how ridiculous he should make himself in the eyes of his countrymen; he represented that his conduct would be in opposition to his principles, and that a wise man must never compound with his private interest.—The doctor retorted, that his obstinacy, which he chose to style wisdom, would bring him to the same deplorable end as Mr. Edmond.—My lord enquired who this Mr. Edmond was?—"An opulent man," replied the doctor, "of strict probity, austere man-"ners, and enlightened mind, who died "lately at the Hôtel-Dieu, merely because "he was too wise."—"That cannot be," returned my lord.—"I will give you his his-"tory," continued the doctor.

THE DANGER OF BEING TOO WISE.

Edmond was twenty; of an engaging countenance; tall and well shaped: the most refined education had developed his natural abilities to advantage; and, besides those accomplishments, he enjoyed a large fortune.

Edmond, in consequence, was a great favourite among his acquaintance: he was presented as a model by such mothers as had sons: they, who had daughters only, recommended him as a husband; and the girls, who thought that a husband was necessary to the preservation of their virtue, would glance at him slily; which was all very natural.

Edmond, who aimed at pleasing every body, enjoyed the encomiums that were bestowed upon him, and endeavoured to deserve still more. "That man," would he say, "who can be master of himself, and "subdue his passions, becomes truly wise, "and essential. Oh! I will subdue mine; "and, if my talents, fortune, and friends, "can procure me an eligible situation, the "intemperance of youth shall not be an ob-"stacle to my promotion."

Thus reasoned Edmond. He thought it necessary to annihilate natural propensities, to conquer a passion, with the first spark of which his soul was already inflamed. His heart, though not yet attached to any parti-

cular object, felt the want of loving; so sweet a want, and which it is so sweet to gratify. "Fatal passions, whose fire circulates "within my veins, your efforts shall prove "unsuccessful," said Edmond; "I will "overpower you; I wish it, and am deter- "mined to use my utmost exertions to com- "plete it."

Youth is enthusiastic. Edmond, pleased with himself, enjoyed the victories he was preparing to gain, and gave himself up to the delirium of his imagination: he began to live more retired; his conversation had taken a serious turn; he was very reserved with the sex: he renounced those innocent games which his joining the party could make so pleasing to a company, that were amusing themselves, without playing at cards or censuring their neighbours. Edmond, in short, though more esteemed, perhaps, was found less amiable; and the young girls, who had been so happy in his company, confessed, with a sigh, that Edmond was a sage, but that a sage of twenty was a very insipid companion.

Edmond was chagrined at being less caressed; and strove to make himself happy in solitude: he could not conceive by what contradiction people recommend wisdom, and shun the wise.

Edmond was now come to that age when amiable qualifications alone are not sufficient. Every citizen has duties to fulfil, and, from the discharge of them alone, he can derive public esteem. Edmond was apprized of it, and was eager to become a useful member of society; yet his system was to live without ambition. He wished to make himself deserving of general confidence, but considered the solicitation of it as degrading. His friends had great interest, but he must support their measures, find out new friends, cabal, and purchase the power of serving his country; he must, in short, obtain, by secret manœuvres, the prize of merit, which is often torn from a respectable man to be given to caprice. Edmond blushed to have recourse to such measures. In vain was it represented, that a sensible man must submit to the errors of the age: he replied,

that the age must endeavour to reform, as he did. What was the consequence? Edmond, so very zealous for the public weal, and who might have promoted it by means of using his abilities, lived in idleness and obscurity. He expected the moment of making himself known, but that moment never came, and he spent his life-time in studying the cause why a man must be reduced to a state of inutility, if he renounces ambition.

Edmond, for want of a situation in life, was often idle, and idleness produced ennui. His amiableness had forsaken him; he had never been extravagant; his connections were but small. He was sensible that a man is not born to live single, and that a woman is his natural companion. "Oh!" said he, "I "shall have a wife; my religion prescribes "me to multiply, and I find myself well dis-"posed to obey the precept."

You must see and look, if you have a mind to choose. Edmond, by degrees, returned into company. A desire of pleasing soon recalled his natural affability and sprightliness; and, in proportion as he drew near

other people, they drew near him; he began to shew great complaisance and courtesy to the fair. He was rich and handsome, every one of the sweet little creatures felt an inclination to love him, and, as she attributed to her charms the happy change that had taken place, she was thankful of his efforts and ready to adore him. Edmond was at liberty to throw the handkerchief.

So generous and liberal was his disposition, that he would have married them all. A small share of philosophy supported his commiseration; he had experienced that uniformity always produced ennui, and that of all varieties, there is none so pleasing as that of women. But his morals combated that abominable system, and Edmond accordingly preferred marrying one single wife, and being miserable with her, to his resigning the exalted title of a sage. He found it very strange, however, that a man should be obligated to lavish proofs of the most tender love upon a woman who no longer inspired him with any; but he was resigned with the thought that wisdom had so ordained it.

Edmond not being permitted to marry seven or eight wives, he was determined, at least, to get a good one, that is to say, one that could suit him; he examined all those that offered with all the coolness that reason requires.—"This one," would he say, "is "handsome, but she is haughty, and her "husband must expect to be her upper ser- "vant; let me look out for another.—This "has an elegant shape, a fine neck and breast, "her hands are dazzling white, her black "dying eyes seem to speak a tender heart— "but she is stupid; beauty soon fades away, "and I wish my companion should not lose "all her advantages: the winter evenings "are long, the nights of Hymen are cold! I "speak but little myself, I want a wife who "can speak for two: and that may easily be "found; but I wish her to speak good sense, "which is not so common; let us proceed "farther.

"This child, who is still too innocent "either to read at the bottom of her own "heart, or to conceal her sentiments, sees me "with pleasure, and looks at me without

" ceasing. Thoughtless, unintentionally, she " is always near me, and when at play her " hand is often in mine. She is pretty now " though she is but fifteen, and may be beau- " tiful when she is twenty. She has talents, " ingenuity, and sprightliness; her mind " only wants cultivation—all that is pleasing " enough, but her temper has not yet taken " its consistence, and I don't know how that " may turn! Who can assure me that the " woman who adores me this present day, " will not make me wretched to-morrow?— " Besides she will be worth a thousand a-year, " and riches corrupt our morals—I must " look after another.

" This tall woman is not handsome, and " yet she has a pleasing countenance: she is " not well-made, but still has graces; she has " wit, and does not suspect it; her dress is " plain, but becoming.—She is poor, oh! " so much the better! so much the better! " she will not be proud; she will entertain " me, and not despise me, because my ima- " gination is not so quick or lively as her own. " A decent appearance, I am told, speaks a

" woman's honesty; she will not be surrounded
" with a set of young visitors, who would
" enjoy my wife, whilst I must sit by myself.
" She will be bound to me by love and gra-
" titude.—Alexandrine, I will give you the
" preference."

Alexandrine perceived her triumph, and her vanity was flattered: there is something so satisfactorily sweet in humbling one's rivals, in giving up the sad painful part of an old maid, in receiving existence from Hymen, in having a young, handsome, well-made, and rich husband! All the senses are gratified at once! Alexandrine was sensible of the whole extent of those advantages, and already loved the charming fellow to whom she was on the point of being indebted for them.

Alexandrine, however, had not seen the age of five-and-twenty without feeling that she had a heart; and from love to frailty there is but a slippery passage. A little magistrate, who thought himself a wit, though an awkward, dull mortal, had become a favourite, ten years back at least, by means of composing some insipid madrigals, which Alexan-

drine esteemed very much, because they were written in her praise. The gentleman of the bar had pretended for some time to pay his addresses to an old aunt, that he might get admittance to the niece; and, by means of shewing some attention to the dowager had ingratiated himself with the young person; and, these by dint of repeating that they loved one another, naturally concluded by giving certain mutual proofs of their affection.

This business had been kept secret, because gentlemen of the law must act with prudence and circumspection, and it is well known that the said gentlemen of the law are very accurate in the discharge of their duty. Alexandrine would sometimes be tired with her lover; his stiff awkward countenance, his gown and madrigals. But she sacrificed to habit, and was of such an inactive, indolent disposition, that she was frightened at the trouble of looking after another intrigue. She therefore continued with her little magistrate, whom she neither loved nor hated, when the sage Edmond made a tender of his heart and hand.

It may be easily imagined that such brilliant offers could not be resisted by mere habit. Miss wished to give up the magistrate, he insisted upon retaining his conquest, he argued prescription from the length of time; they grew warm, but perceiving they were not alone, it was agreed upon to meet in the evening; for a rupture of that importance could not be concluded without preliminary explanation.

Nothing like the infidelity of a mistress to rekindle a passion that is nearly extinct:—The magistrate arrived at the hour appointed, more tender and pressing was he than ever he had been. The disorder of his senses would not permit him to listen to Alexandrine, and she very wisely decided that she must quiet them, to render him susceptible of attention.

Edmond was of opinion that a man must love his wife: he accordingly became passionate of his intended bride; he knew it was necessary to shew great eagerness, and he resolved to go and spend the latter part of the evening with his beloved. The dark stillness of night gives an additional charm to the

discourse of a lover. Edmond knew all that very well, although he was a Sage. He knocked at his mistress's door; and was told at first that Miss was not at home: Edmond wished to be assured whether she was really gone out; and was answered, with an alarmed air, that Miss was engaged and wished to be denied.—Edmond thinking he was to be excepted, gently pushed the maid out of the way, and went to Alexandrine's apartment. Finding nobody there, he proceeded to another room: he overheard a sigh, and returned, drew the bed-curtains, and then discovered the little magistrate labouring with all his might to render himself capable of paying attention to what Mademoiselle Alexandrine might have to say to him.

Edmond, had not he been a philosopher, would have set the whole house in an uproar upon this occasion; but he very peaceably marched home, wondering at the reason why, among such a number of women, it was impossible for a Sage to meet with a wife that could suit him.

Edmond despised the sex, persuaded himself that he hated them, bade a second adieu to the world; and soon grew tired again of living in solitude.—" How wretched I am!" exclaimed he. " I see the rest of men are " happy, sometimes at least; I alone am mi- " serable without intermission. The more I " grow wise, the more I feel burthensome to " myself. Ah! doubtless, I have not yet " made sufficient progress in the study of " wisdom. The first rudiments in every " science must always be tedious. Happi- " ness is the price of perfection, and I must " redouble my efforts in order to obtain per- " fection."

During this soliloquy, a man accosted our Sage:—he had never spoken to him but two or three times; but he wanted a thousand pounds, and gave him the preference: how flattering for Edmond!—" Now, then," said he, " I am going to perform an act of bene- " ficence: this day shall not be lost for wis- " dom."—In vain did reason whisper to him: beneficence holds the first place amongst human virtues; but the impudence of men has

no bounds, and they will ever demand of him who can never deny.—Edmond rejected the insinuation, embraced the stranger, and said to him—" I perceive that you are truly my " friend, since you apply to me in your " troubles. I have not got a thousand pounds " in cash, but I have got contracts; take " this, engage it, and let me enjoy the plea- " sure of having contributed once in my life " to the happiness of a man of honour."

His friend left him to relish the satisfaction of having performed a good action, and wondering at the rapacious man, who could deny himself a similar enjoyment.

Edmond happening one day to be more dejected in his mind than usual, took it into his head to go and dine with his friend: the latter was gone out; but our philosopher was introduced to a lady of eighteen, in whom the most accomplished beauty, and all possible graces were united.—She welcomed him as a man to whom she lay under great obligations: his face, shape, and air, did not escape the young lady, whose eyes measured

him from head to foot at one glance; and the result of her examination was, that she redoubled her civilities.

Hortensia was honest; but she had a loving heart. Her husband was old, ugly, and whimsical; it was natural she should look at Edmond with some pleasure; and also, that Edmond should do justice to her beauty. Their conversation soon became more lively. A woman may display her wit, without infringing the laws of modesty; she may be lively without indecency: Edmond knew as much, and his virtue received no alarm. Towards the end of the repast, he thought he could read the expression of love in the eyes of Hortensia, and he found himself agitated: the lady discovered his emotion; it inspired her with confidence, and, without diving into the nature of her sentiments, she yielded to the charm that allured her. A similar passion had taken possession of Edmond's heart; who whispered to himself—"Ah! "why is she my friend's wife!"

They rose from table, and Hortensia went to sit on her chaise-longue. This is one of

those implements which a woman who understands her own interest has always at her disposal. Coquetry invented it, and coquets make it answer for more than one purpose: it was from that advantageous post that Hortensia attacked the sage Edmond.—Her beautiful round arm supported her head, and her fiery looks found their way to, and melted the philosopher's heart: two globes, that love himself had formed, were partly discovered to the eye, from which other charms, still more interesting, might be surmised; a remarkable well made fine leg, which she no longer thought of concealing; a voluptuous negligence throughout; every thing contributed to the ruin of Edmond; and, indeed, he was captivated beyond himself: he threw himself at Hortensia's feet—he spoke not, but she knew his meaning. Silence is assuredly the sweetest language for two sympathizing hearts. They are happy in contemplation.

The philosopher grew bold; Hortensia grew weak; she no longer combated but with a design of enhancing the value of her defeat;

the amiable pair were already lavishing those tender caresses, delicious harbingers of pleasure, nay, sweeter perhaps than pleasure itself..... On a sudden, Edmond recollects that he is bound to be a Sage.—He shudders at the danger he is exposed to; disengages himself from Hortensia's arms, and instantly flies away. — Hortensia, forlorn and deserted, wept; and weep she must, so very hard is it for a woman to renounce her virtue, and to renounce it to no purpose.

Edmond, on his way home, congratulated himself on his triumph, and could not conceive how a man could cuckold his friend. Heated, however, with love and desire, still prepossessed with the seducing image of Hortensia, he walked on in a sad pensive attitude, and his head cast down, when somebody stopped him.—He turned, and perceived an unknown woman, in the bloom of youth, less beautiful than Hortensia, but more engaging: a wanton gaiety animated her features; she seemed to exist for pleasure only, and attacked Edmond through all his senses. He was more than half vanquished already; his defeat was

easily completed. Wisdom has its limits, and the philosopher's forces were exhausted: Flora charmed him, persuaded him, and he was introduced into the temple of the god of love.

The priestess knew how to make the honours of the temple. When scruples have been conquered, they soon are exposed to derision and contempt.—Edmond spent several hours in the intoxication of pleasure: at last, he recovered his senses, and blushed at his weakness: one single moment had been sufficient to ruin his virtue, to crush his philosophy.—As he was leaving the refuge of debauchery he sighed, he moaned, and wondered how a Sage, who had resisted the charms of an adorable and modest woman, could have yielded to the seductions of a prostitute.

Edmond was received, on his return, by a man who, in an humble attitude, produced some papers.—It was not likely the one thousand pounds borrower should have been satisfied with the first loan; besides, it may be

imagined that other friends, no less creditable, had often furnished Edmond with an opportunity of enjoying the satisfaction of being beneficent: he was too polite to require securities, besides, he had to deal with friends; moreover, he would not have suffered his name to be mentioned in any court of justice about money affairs, he who professed the most refined disinterestedness.

His love for study had prevented him from administering his own affairs; he hardly knew what his fortune amounted to.

In the mean time, his good friends had borrowed the two-thirds of his property: bad administration, the knavery of his domestics, trades people, and others, had absorbed the remaining third, in such a manner, that Edmond only supported himself upon credit, and had not even the least suspicion of its being so. The report of his prodigious wisdom was spread all over the town, he alone did not know that he was ruined.

As it is a thing agreed upon, once for ever, that it is useless to shew any regard to a ruined man, some of those people who had shared

his spoils, and to whom be was debtor for trifling sums, had deputed the above-mentioned man to him. The man was a bailiff, and the papers he produced were summonses.

Edmond received the intelligence of his ruin with strict resignation: "Now," said he, "is the time come, when I shall reap the "fruits of my labour: it is in adversity that "a Sage becomes more conspicuous." The bailiff, who did not comprehend such rhapsodies, desired him to pay eight thousand seven hundred and sixty-four livres six sous and three deniers.—"Friend," said Edmond, "I have entrusted with my property such as "had occasion for it, and I would not make "my creditors wait for the sums I lawfully "owe them, if it were in my power to dis-"charge the debt."—"Well, then," replied the bailiff, "in consequence of a little scrap "of a sentence, a signification whereof I am "the bearer, you will be pleased to follow "me."—Edmond stood amazed; but wisdom soon resuming her rights, he left his household gods, without the least oppression of heart, and exclaimed, as he followed the

bailiff,—"How beautiful it is to suffer in the "cause of virtue! but how singular that "virtue should send me to prison!"

After having suffered a whole week with the best grace in the world, Edmond became sensible that liberty was the chief good, and he regretted having lost his. How weak for a Sage!—He struggled for four-and-twenty hours, but at last was forced to yield to wisdom and nature.

He took the trouble to look into the names of those good friends who owed him considerable sums of money; he was mean enough to write to them, though not in a suppliant style; he used the expressions of a man who claims his property; and entertains such an opinion of the probity of others, as not to doubt but it will be returned upon the first requisition.—The most civil sent word, they would consider of it; others, that they did not know what he meant; but the greatest number returned no answer at all.

Edmond's virtue was now incensed to an extreme: he sent for an attorney and gave him a full account of his affairs;—"Your

" cause is a good one," said the attorney, " let me have your bonds:"—" Alas!" replied Edmond, " I have not got any, but it " is a certain fact that I have lent my good " friends upwards of four hundred thousand " livres."—" You cannot lose," returned the attorney, " give me some money, for the " preliminaries of a law suit are very ex- " pensive."—" Ah! but I have none left," replied the unfortunate Edmond. " If " it be so," resumed the attorney, " your " cause is not worth a straw:" and away he went.

Edmond could no longer dissemble the horror of his situation, and adversity appeared to him so much the harder, as he was not accustomed to it. He was making very salutary (though tardy) reflections upon the subject, when he discovered the first symptoms of a disease which he had hitherto only known by name; he remembered Flora, and exclaimed in the bitterness of grief: " Ah! " that friend who forsakes me . . . that friend " so undeserving of my scrupulous honesty; " had I cuckolded him, I should only lament

" at present the loss of my liberty!—Oh!
" Providence! how concealed are thy ways!
" Every virtue proves equally fatal to me,
" and this d——d disease is the prize of my
" chastity."

The progress of the disease increased rapidly, and Edmond was visited by the surgeon, to whose care was committed the restoration of the prisoners health. The latter, in imitation of many of his fellow-practitioners, had made it his rule to administer such remedies as cost nearly nothing, are good for nothing, and by using which the patient recovered if he could.

Of course Edmond's distemper went on, in spite of the Æsculapius, who pretended to extirpate it. His creditors apprehending, lest they should be compelled to treat him according to the laws of humanity, which would have been an addition to the costs of his confinement, let him have his discharge, and Edmond was once more at a loss to account how any good could possibly arise from such a bad cause?

Edmond had too much pride to continue

in a town where his opulence, wisdom, disasters, and wretched state of health had been universally known; he therefore repaired to a neighbouring village where there was a famous hospital. Edmond, indeed, was ignorant of an hospital being in the place; but the Sage wanted to go to an hospital, this was at hand, and he sued for admittance.

The chief surgeon finding a complicated disease, the curing of which might do him great honour and gain him credit, willingly admitted the patient, took particular care of him, and succeeded to cure him radically, with the loss of half a dozen teeth only.

When Edmond left the hospital he was in good health, but very low spirited, as he foresaw a continuance of misery, at which prospect he was overwhelmed with grief.—He reflected bitterly on the insufficiency of wisdom, and bewailed over the calamities that besiege our miserable species.

Edmond's cloaths were very decent, and these were all he had left of his former splendour. He sold his coat to procure a dinner, and walked to Paris. There he visited his

former protectors, but as he had once refused their good offices, he was no more thought of amongst them. He was become poor, and of course interested no one in his favour; he was only shewn cold and insulting commiseration, which exasperated him against wisdom, and he began to curse most earnestly his former whim of being a Sage.

Poverty, sorrow, and inquietude at last inflamed poor Edmond's blood, and he was brought to the Hôtel-Dieu in a burning fever. He was placed in a sorry bed between two men, the one afflicted with the gout, the other with the dropsy; the former hindered him from sleeping, the latter poisoned him, so that on the second day he was reduced to the last extremity. A charitable nun, who watched the progress of the distemper, thought it was high time to send for a confessor; and the one who attended was a tolerable reasonable man, some little prejudices excepted.

He listened patiently to our philosopher, who was rather prolix and obscure in his delivery, and would often repeat the same cir-

cumstances over and over again, according to the custom of the unfortunate, and at last the confessor addressed him thus: " A rational " man strives not to annihilate his passions, " but to rule them: there is no happiness " without them: they are a gift of heaven, " but yet may become fatal. A man with- " out passions would be reduced to a state of " mere vegetation, and would not be sensible " of the value of his existence: he who " wishes to attain perfection, thinks himself " equal to God, and is but a fool. Perfec- " tion is not the lot of man, and an excess of " virtue, the same as an excess of vice, is " productive of misery. Be comforted, how- " ever, God judges the hearts of men and " will reward you. You are going to enter " his glory, and an unlimited everlasting " felicity awaits your immortal soul."—— " Alas!" replied Edmond, " I willingly cre- " dit the felicity of the elect, but I have no " physical proof; whereas, I am physically " certain that I have been of no utility to my " fellow-citizens, that I have lived without a " wife, that my friends have ruined me

" that I have been imprisoned, that I have " been confoundedly injured in health, that " every body forsakes me, and that I am " going to breathe my last in an hospital for " having been too wise."

" Your Edmond was no better than a fool," exclaimed my lord.—" Exactly so," replied the doctor.—" And what affinity can you " discover between me and that ridiculous " character?"—" Two different roads will " often bring you to the same spot. Edmond " died for love of wisdom: you will die " for the love of England, and both of " you for having adhered to your own opi- " nion."—" What the deuce will you have " me do then?" returned my lord.—" Con- " tinue with us," resumed the doctor; " ride " on horseback till such time as you are able " to walk on foot; smoke a great deal, drink " but little, suffer yourself to be amused, " enjoy yourself, laugh at every thing, and " arrive as late as you can at that period " when you must return that portion of matter " which Nature has lent you but for a certain " limited time."

My lord was silenced, the very next day he commenced the regimen that was prescribed for him, and his physician entertained some hopes of making a Frenchman of him at last.

CHAP. IX.

I AM NO LONGER A CHILD.

I led a pleasant quiet life; a word, a single glance from Miss recalled me to my duty, whenever the natural giddiness of my age would make me neglectful. Her kindness consoled me for all those chagrins I received from the bluntness and inequalities of her father's temper, and my most ardent desire of pleasing them both rendered my occupations equally easy and agreeable.

My lord had given his daughter a music and a drawing master: at first I only attended at her lessons, as they afforded me a pretext of being near Juliet, of seeing and speaking to her; but her progress soon excited my emulation. I fancied I could learn music and drawing as well as another person, and flattered myself that Miss would approve of my efforts; I consequently, when I was left alone, would take up the crayons, open

the piano, and execute such pieces as Miss had played during her preceding lesson: I remembered pretty accurately the processes of the masters, (when I could prevail upon myself not to think of Miss for a moment, in order to listen to them); my indefatigable assiduity and reflections made up what had escaped me.

I had read over and over the book that Miss had given me; Mademoiselle Fanchon had taught me all she knew, and I was sensible I wanted another master, but I knew neither how to procure one, nor how to get money to pay him in case I should. This made me very uneasy, so that I continued by Fanchon through habit and gratitude. One day as I was reading to her some pages of *Hyppolite, Comte de Douglas:* which a friend of her's (a young cook) had lent her, my reading engrossed my attention to such an extreme, that my lord had returned with his daughter, and the carriage had stopped at the hotel, before I had either seen or heard it. Fanchon pushed me, I raised my

head, and ran to open the door, but Miss had got out of the coach already; I was hurt. She did not favour me with a look, and that pierced my heart: she walked up stairs with her father, and I followed them. Miss went into her apartment, I again followed her there; she paced up and down the room, brushed near me, turned to avoid me, moved for the sake of keeping in action, appeared to be tormented; and, after some evident proofs of uncertainty and irresolution, prepared to leave the room. I stood facing the door, she pushed me with her hand, which happened to touch mine; she looked at me, my eyes were swelled with tears, and she stopped.—"What was you doing with that "young girl?"—"I was reading."—"And "why did you keep so near her?" . . . . "She has the goodness to teach me."—"That girl is pretty handsome."—"I have "not noticed it."—"That's not the teacher "you want."—She dropt a louis d'or in my waistcoat pocket and re-entered the drawing room.

Very early the next morning I bought

some pens and paper; I ran over the neighbouring streets, found out a master, and agreed about the terms with him. Before I returned home, I called at a ready-made linen shop, bought a cap trimmed with a narrow lace, which cost me six livres, and offered it to Fanchon; she received it with a good grace, I then thanked her and gave up every farther connection with her.

I had noticed a circulating library, and enquired whether they admitted monthly subscribers? I was answered in the affirmative, and immediately subscribed. In proportion as I read such books as enlightened my mind and moved my heart, my taste for reading increased. I had no body to guide my choice, I knew of no particular book, the title alone determined my preference: I generally opened a book in the middle, and ran over a few pages—my ear decided of the style, my reason of the subject, and I very seldom was mistaken.

At the expiration of a few months I had some knowledge of the best authors, could

write a tolerable good hand, play a sonata with facility, and draw a head with great correctness. No living creature had the least suspicion of what I could do; I had had fortitude enough to conceal it from Miss, and was preparing in secret to enjoy the pleasure of surprising her, by displaying all my talents at once; I could not, however, conquer a desire of letting her know that I had a teacher, and that that teacher was no longer Mademoiselle Fanchon: I found it indispensable to produce my hand-writing; Fanchon could not write, Miss did not know that, but I did, and I acted as if Miss herself had gone to school to Mademoiselle Fanchon. Two or three times I took my copy-book to shew it to her, but some pages looked very indifferent; there were blots here and there, and her name almost every where. I bought a sheet of gilt paper, took a new pen, and wrote in the middle of the sheet, better than ever I had done before:

This is the use I make of your bounty.

I read the whole over and over, examined every letter separately, and pronounced at

last that I could own the performance. I stole into the dressing-room, placed my paper before the glass, and hid myself in a closet that was contiguous. It was about that hour that Miss generally dressed her hair; I was confident that she would soon come, and wished to know what kind of an effect my hand-writing would produce. Miss entered the room, as I expected; she sat down and discovered the paper; she took it up, looked at it, laid it down, took it up again, and said: "It is well—it is very well... Poor l'Heu-"reux.... a good heart, wit, a face".... She then lowered her voice, and I could not hear the rest. She folded the paper, pulled out her pocket-book, and put the paper into it. This gave me pleasure!—such pleasure! She took something out of her pocket, wrapped it in a piece of paper, wrote a few words upon the cover, dressed her hair, rose, and went out of the room, and I got out of the closet; I approached the table, the little parcel lay at the same place where I had left my paper: I seized it eagerly, and read the following words:

To him who knows how to spend his money.

I pressed it to my bosom and ran to my room: here I sat upon my bed, and drew out the little parcel.—"She has "answered me!" exclaimed I; "she has "deigned to answer me!—Let us open the "parcel."—I opened it, found three louis d'ors, and heaved a deep sigh: then I resumed the cover, put it to my lips, pressed it to my heart, and pinned it at the head of my bed.—"I shall read it," said I, "when "I go to bed, and when I get up; it will put "me in mind of always being good!"

When I came down Miss looked at me, as if she had something to say to me, and I went to the window; she walked twice round the drawing-room, came close to me, and said, in a very low voice, "my answer is on the "dressing-table."—"I have it," replied I, "and I thank you kindly for it."—"Which "way did you come? I have not left this "place since."—I made a candid avowal of the little stratagem I had used to ascertain that she should get my paper: she blushed—"L'Heureux," said she, I forbid you to be

" near me without my knowing it."—We heard her father coming, and we parted.

My lord's birth-day was very near; I had celebrated the preceding one like a fool, and was preparing for this in the style of a young man who has studied the arts. After having long sought for all possible means of doing something that would be agreeable to my lord; after having contrived twenty different schemes, and altered them as many times, I bethought myself at last that nothing could be more acceptable than his picture. My lord's features were well pronounced; his forehead was high, his eye-brows thick, his nose cocked up, his mouth large, and he had a double chin: his bob-wig could give the picture a better likeness: I presumed to think it was an easy matter to succeed in the execution, and was bold enough to attempt it. I began a profile in crayons, mended it, rubbed it out, and sketched another: my lord was present to my memory, I thought I saw him, and yet my work was good for nothing. I was not discouraged, however, as I had a fortnight to run. I first took off the outlines,

and then put on the shades, and this answered somewhat better; but, when I had finished the head, it was no more a likeness of my lord than of myself.—I tried a second time, upon the same plan, and I found a something. —In a third copy I caught the eye; in a fourth I was master of the mouth; at last, I took a little from the one, a little from the other, and was satisfied with my performance. I encircled the bust with a garland of flowers, and wrote at the bottom these two lines, of my own composition;

> This first essay your lenity doth claim,
> For gratitude my guide, to please my aim.

The idea seemed to me very just, and the poetry I thought admirable.—No wonder if other poets are so fondly proud of their compositions.—I never grew tired of looking over my work; I acknowledged the drawing of the head to be perfect; the sketches were so soft! the colours so well mixed!—I had a gold frame and a fine Bohemia glass to this my master-piece; and concealed it till such time as it was to be exhibited to the wondering spectators.

In the morning of my lord's birth-day, I hung my drawing behind a large picture that ornamented the dining-room, and then betook myself to my usual functions. My lord had bespoke a sumptuous repast, and had invited his English friends, and his dear French doctor. Miss had also invited several ladies, her accustomed friends. The company was to be numerous and select, the entertainment complete. At two o'clock Miss came into the drawing-room; she was dressed with all the taste and elegance that could enhance her irresistible charms. She examined the dispositions I had made, found them conducted with taste and intelligence, and told me she had a secret to impart. We went into another apartment, where she revealed to me that she had prepared a little entertainment for her father. "My composition is bad; "I do not write well," said she, "but my "thoughts are good: papa will overlook the "style, and seize the ideas. My verses are "to be recited by some young ladies of my "friends' acquaintance; they will not arrive "till the dessert is served, which is the pro-

" per time for reading poetry and singing. " They will have young men to accompany " them on their instruments; we shall have " a little concert, and perhaps complete the " day with a dance. Papa seldom comes into " this apartment; have a table here covered " with flowers, fruits, tarts, cakes, and re- " freshments for my actors. I rely upon " you, my dear l'Heureux, for diligence and " discretion:" she then gave me her purse, and left me.

In less than an hour's time I had procured an elegant ambigu from the coffee-house, pastry-cook's, confectioner's, and fruiterer's. An hour after, I had garlands of flowers mounted upon hoops, and baskets filled with flowers of all sorts. At four o'clock our guests arrived, and, after having gone through the usual compliments, they sat down to dinner. Miss performed as mistress of the ceremonies with her wonted graceful ease. My lord and his English friends eat heartily; the doctor and the ladies kept up the conversation. I stood facing the painting that concealed my lord's portrait, which I longed to exhibit. I

would draw near, and retire as soon; in short, I would have betrayed myself, if there could have been any possibility of suspecting, or of noticing me, among a dozen servants that were attending.

The second course was served; and I supposed that Miss's little actors would not be long: I must go to receive them, arrange and introduce them; my time was short, and was soon decided. I cut down the large painting, which fell with a noise that made all the guests turn their heads that way, when the ladies and the doctor exclaimed—" 'Tis my " lord, it is he, and a striking likeness too." The doctor rose from his seat, took down the picture, presented it to my lord, who considered it with attention, and looked at his daughter. " It is not I who did it, papa," said she; " I confess it with a blush, such an " idea did not occur to me." The picture was handed round, every one praised it, and I was pleased . . . so pleased! imagine yourself in my place. The doctor protested to Miss, that the portrait was of her drawing; and she supported the contrary. The ladies

pressed her to own it, but she disclaimed it with great warmth. She resumed the picture, examined it attentively, and said—" It " can only be my drawing-master."—" No " such a thing," replied my lord, " there " are verses at the bottom which a drawing-" master could never have addressed to me." —" Verses! verses!" exclaimed the doctor; " let me see the verses."—" They are at the bot-" tom, shaded over with flowers."—" Let us " read the verses," continued the doctor. He could not help making faces, which nobody observed but the author, who did not know the meaning of them; however, he declared they expressed great sensibility.—Once more all the eyes were turned towards Miss. " I " would not have written any thing else," said she; " but, once more, it is not I."— " It must be the devil then," retorted my lord.—Now, one of the servants, who pretended to be a knowing one, went up to the doctor, and whispered something in his ear. He hastily got up:—" Ladies, ladies," cried he, " l'Heureux is going to let us into the " secret: it was he who cut down the pic-

" ture that screened the portrait."—" Speak, " my friend," said my lord to me.—" It is " I," . . .—" Who received the charge of " placing the portrait there," continued the doctor, " but from whom ?"—" It is I " who," . . . .—" It is I who," pursued my lord, . . . " come, let us have an end of it: " who has drawn the portrait ?"—" It is I, " my lord". . . .—" who has drawn this pic- " ture ?"—" Yes, my lord."—" Don't tell " a lie," said Miss to me with a stern look. —At these words, I felt myself vexed, ran up to my room; from whence I returned, carrying all my drawings under my arm, from the first eye I ever attempted down to the sketches of my lord's picture. I deposited the whole at Miss Juliet's feet, and said to her in a low voice: " Though I do not tell " you every thing, yet I never tell a lie."— " It is he, it is he," cried she, with an air I had never observed in her before, " it is " he . . . . and I accused him !" . . . . .—She stopped, and blushed.—" Ah ! ah !" said my lord.—" 'Tis very extraordinary," said the ladies.—" Why, but, indeed, it is not at all

" amiss," continued the doctor :—and they spoke of something else.

I heard several coaches stopping at the door; went down, and found Miss's actors, who were crowded one upon another in hackney-coaches, and laughed heartily and very loud as they disengaged themselves to get out. I was afraid my lord should come and look out of the window; but he was not of a curious disposition, and, when at table, could not easily be prevailed upon to leave his station. I desired the joyous party to walk up tip-toe, and to be silent; introduced them into that apartment where the ambigu was prepared, and informed them that Miss had appointed me master of the ceremonies. I divided the baskets of flowers amongst six young ladies, that were very handsome; but yet, put them all together, they were not worth . . . I also requested the young gentlemen to leave their instruments and to lay hold of the garlands; I appointed one of them to sit to the piano in proper time, and returned to the dining-room.

The

The desert was served, Miss beckoned to me, and the door flew open. The blooming youth filed off by the sound of several instruments playing a march, keeping good time, which produced a very whimsical effect. The young ladies presented their baskets to my lord, and embraced him. The young men formed a kind of bower on the table with their garlands, and, whilst the doctor was admiring the choice, variety and freshness of the flowers, and expressing his raptures at their sweet perfume, the actors prepared to begin the entertainment. Besides, the rare merit of being short, it was written with great sensibility. The fable:—A tender daughter, apprehensive for the life of her father, was pressing him to fix his abode in a delightful grove, where he had nothing to dread from the malice of men, nor the rapacity of wolves. Shepherds and shepherdesses engaged to keep watch for his security, and to soothe his last hours: in short, it was the work of Juliet, whose soul, as pure as the bright day, exhaled in verses, which, though not very correct,

were as true as nature. My lord was moved by degrees; his tears began to flow, nor did he think of concealing them. He looked after his daughter; she was close by him, and fell in his arms.—The actresses sat by their mammas; the actors waited upon their shepherdesses; the marasquin was then brought in, which diffused universal chearfulness, and threw them all into a bustle of joy.

"This is the proper time," said two very amiable ladies to the doctor, who sat between them; "this is the proper time; strike the "conquering blow."—The doctor rose, wiped his mouth, caressed his lips, coughed, begged to be heard, and spoke to the purpose in the following words.

"Confess, my lord, that the pleasures "which England offers you, are very insipid "when compared to those you now actually "relish. In England you reason, but in "Paris you enjoy. Behold the lovely disor- "der, and unaffected joy that sparkles in "every eye; the tender affection of your "daughter, the cordial eagerness of your

" friends; descend into your heart, be true, " and own that you are happy. This scene " of felicity can be modified a thousand dif- " ferent ways, and renewed every day." Then seating himself, and assuming more gravity, he added: " Your health is in a perfect state, " your good case much reduced. Three " months ago you could hardly ride, and " now you can walk with ease; you eat with " a good appetite, you laugh occasionally; " and you would wish to return to London! " No, my lord, you shall stay here; I order " you to stay, in the name of medicine; and " these ladies intreat you, in the name of " friendship."

The ladies instantly rose from their seats, approached my lord, cajoled him, caressed him, conjured him. Miss presented him with a copy of an authorization for his agent in England to dispose of his estate. My lord offered some resistance, his daughter fell on her knees before him; my lord then took up a pen and gave his signature. The doctor folded up the papers, sealed the parcel, and I carried it to the post-office.

When I returned home, I found the table was moved: the whole company was divided into several groupes, and pleasure shone in every face.—One couple were repeating a new step in a corner; another, under a pretext of trying a favourite duet, were disclosing to each other the secret of their hearts: some were dancing, others laughing: my lord listened to, and looked at every thing, and was pleased at every thing.

"Make room, room," says one of the mothers, leading a young lady to the piano, who feigned resistance. The young men immediately ran into the next room to fetch their instruments, desks are brought in, every one takes his post, the audience lend an attentive ear, and the musicians begin. The young ladies, whatever their abilities were, received a tribute of praise, which are more often dictated by custom than sincerity. Miss was requested to perform in her turn: she apologized; she said she was not disposed, she was too warm, &c. I was vexed at her refusing: I knew she was very great on the instrument, and was certain she would sur-

pass all her competitors.—My lord took her aside, and said to her: "I have done what "could please you: I hope you will do "something to please me."—"These ladies," said she, "are but indifferent performers; "and I would not wish to mortify them."—I overheard and admired her. However, thirty different people joined my lord in his intreaties; it would have been ridiculous to resist any longer; she was sensible of it, and complied.

She played a concerto with a precision, neatness and expression, that carried general applause. A young married lady desired she would play an overture, which she pulled out of her pocket.—"She has never seen this," said she, to a gentlemen who seemed to be upon very good terms with her.—Miss played it with the greatest ease; and was applauded at three different times during the execution. The lady bit her lips; and, when Miss returned her music, she thanked her for having so generously afforded her an opportunity of shewing her talents.

" We have something better still, to hear," said the gallant doctor, " we have a sonata to " be played by two performers. I never " heard any piece of music that offered so " much variety, it is a delightful thing!" —Miss was requested to give the company the additional pleasure of hearing her execute that charming piece.—" Madam," said she, to the lady of the overture, " as you can " play every thing at first sight, you will " have no objection to take one part."—The lady was confounded, begged to be excused; in short, she declined. The doctor insisted. Miss called out for a second; and nobody came forward. " I am sorry for it," said she, glancing at the lady, " it is a pretty " thing, and I can play it tolerably."—" I " will take the second part," said I to her, in a low voice.—" You, l'Heureux!"—" I."— " It cannot be."—" I never tell a lie."— " Well, come then," replied she loudly; " you are surprizing in every thing."—We sat to the piano, and a slight murmuring was overheard.—" Let us begin," said Miss; " keep up your spirits, be steady."—My

heart beat with violence, my fingers grew numb, and I perceived that, in some passages, Miss was very careful to hide my deficiency. The most profound silence was kept in the room; they seemed to watch an opportunity of finding fault with me: I was come to a very long and difficult passage, but went over it as quick as lightning in high perfection: all the hands set clapping at once; repeated bravoes encouraged me, and I recovered myself.—" Let us change parts," said Miss, when we were come to the rondo, " as all the " solos are in mine."

It is not possible an artist could wish for a greater recompense of his labours than what I obtained on that delightful evening. The orphan, the unfortunate being, my lord's servant, was entirely forgotten, the man alone was thought of, and all those flattering expressions, which are invaluable when they bear the character of sincerity, were lavished upon me. Miss did not speak a word to me, she only pressed my hand: what could she have said to be worth that?

I got up, was immediately surrounded, and the company would not suffer me to leave the room. The doctor spoke to me upon chemistry; I told him I was no physician: then he spoke upon literature, and I answered him consequently. He assumed the grammarian; and I evinced that I was one myself. The doctor could not conceive how I was acquainted with so many things. "I conceive "it very well," replied Miss. All the gentlemen asked me several questions at a time; the ladies waited for my answers, and smiled before I had uttered any.

My lord broke through the crowd, took me by the hand with great solemnity, and said: "Gentlemen, when a man in my "country distinguishes himself above the "common class of people, we overlook the "injustice of fortune; or, if we do call it "into mind, it is only with a view of pro-"curing redress. This young man has been "my servant; but henceforth he shall be "my friend. L'Heureux, embrace me."

I threw myself on his neck, but could answer him only with my tears. All the gen-

tlemen saluted me in their turn, and the amiable doctor introduced me to the ladies, who consented with a good grace to favour me with the same. Miss was the last I came to; I stopt before her; her eyes were cast down, and a general blush overspread her cheeks. The emotion I felt was new to me.... a fire which I had never experienced before passed from my heart into my veins, and circulated with my blood. Miss and I both stood motionless at two paces distance from each other. My lord pushing me by the shoulder commanded me to kiss her; I just touched her cheek and fell on the floor.

The doctor sent for a surgeon and told him to open the vein. Miss assured him that my indisposition proceeded only from an excess of joy occasioned by the alteration of my situation. The doctor had pronounced the sentence, and there was no appeal. As for me I felt oppressed; but as I was ignorant of the cause of the oppression, I suffered them to do as they pleased.

The doctor insisted upon my going to bed; this I was not at all inclined to do, and, for once, differed in opinion from the doctor: he insisted, however, so very pressingly that I could not refuse to obey without becoming guilty of high treason against the faculty, and accordingly obeyed.

Soon after I heard the company were dancing, and was very angry at the bottom with the over-provident doctor, who would not allow me to share in the amusements of the evening. I should have had so much pleasure in contemplating Juliet! I represented her to myself gracefully tripping up and down; I fancied I perceived her nimble and soft motions—her modest animated deportment... On a sudden my door was opened; it was Juliet herself, who had stolen away from the company: she reached a chair, sat down by my bed-side, enquired how I was, and, after a short silence, said to me, in a penetrated tone: "I have chagrined you, "l'Heureux; I have suspected you of telling "an untruth! papa has avenged you, but

" that is not sufficient for me; l'Heureux do " you pardon me?"—She had left her chair, with her hand leaning on my bolster, she supported her body that was inclining towards me, her mouth nearly touched mine, I breathed her breath, and was almost consumed; I seized her hand and covered it with burning kisses—my heart, my soul, my whole being flew to my lips, and wasted over that hand of hers, at the same time that it received new life from its impression!—" This is too " much," said Juliet to me, in a faultering voice, " it is too much .... Experience en- " lightens me ... l'Heureux, we are no longer " children."—I could see nothing, I could hear nothing—I was so daring as to press her hand to my heart; she struggled, disengaged it, and retired with some expression of extraordinary vivacity. She held the door a-jar, her eyes, moistened with her tears, were fixed upon mine; she could not keep them from me.—" L'Heureux," said she, at length, " I " will reproach you with nothing, my impru- " dence alone has been the sole cause ....

" But remember all your life that, for one " moment, you have forgot my father, and " Juliet, and yourself, and your honour!"— I joined my hands in supplication; I was preparing to accuse myself, to sue for pardon, but she would not listen to one word more, and left me.

By degrees I grew calm, reflected, examined myself, found that I was guilty.... " Alas!" said I, " I can discover to the " bottom of my heart that I adore Juliet and " my fatal passion exposes me to endless ca- " lamities. I am loved as much as I love, " which is an addition to my misery. Her " birth, her fortune! the common preju- " dices; reason itself, every thing contributes " to separate two objects, whom every thing " ought to concur in uniting... Juliet!... " Juliet!... I will sacrifice myself to thine " own and thy father's happiness!—I will fly " far from thee, thou shalt forget me, shalt " be happy with another man! I shall die in " consequence of it, but I must discharge " my duty."

I spent the rest of that cruel night in alternately combatting and yielding to my passion. At the break of day my head was empty, my limbs were wearied, and I insensibly went to sleep.

CHAP. X.

I SEE THE WORLD.

THE next morning I entered my lord's apartment, and offered to wait upon him as usual, but he would not suffer it; he reached a chair and bade me to sit down.—"I am "determined," said he, "to settle in France; "the preservation of my health, the intreaties "of my daughter and friends seem to impose "it on me as a law: my wife, and those "friends whom I were the most attached to, "died whilst I was in England; so that, "although I am passionately fond of my "country, and that I can never be more sa-"tisfied than when I think of it, yet it is now "become very immaterial to me, which "country I inhabit." He obligingly added: "that as I learned whatever I pleased, he "hoped that I would not refuse learning the "English tongue, that it would oblige him

" much, that he loved me, that he esteemed " me, that he hoped I would invariably at- " tach myself to him, and that he would " neglect nothing to render my situation ac- " ceptable." He ended his discourse by puting fifty louis-d'or in my hand to procure some clothes.

Nothing can mortify a man of feeling to such a degree as receiving benefits of which he does not think himself deserving; at every word that my lord spoke the piercing dart of remorse stung me, and I would have fallen at his feet, had I been the only one reprehensible.

Juliet shared my painful situation; that frank and unaffected liveliness which speaks an immaculate soul, had forsaken her. She could answer the caresses of her father, but with a timid embarrassed air; she shunned my company as much as she could without exposing herself to be noticed: she no longer would speak to me but when forced by necessity, and constantly ran away when we were left alone. I approved of her conduct and yet it made me wretched!—Oh! the pas-

sions, the passions!... How artfully they subdue us; through what flowery paths they mislead us! with what charms they adorn futurity! how furiously they torture us when reason has torn off the veil of illusion!

My lord suspected nothing; he found some alteration in us, and ascribed it to the reserve which a more advanced age inspires: he sometimes would joke on the subject, we blushed, but my lord did not notice it.

He had taken me to the libraries, to the botanic garden, and several galleries of pictures. He spoke little, but was a good judge, and seemed to take pleasure in improving my judgment. He had also introduced me to all his acquaintance, who welcomed me through a regard for my comely person and agreeable talents, and loved me for my modesty. I had not yet seen the theatres, and my lord made a party to go to the opera with the Countess d'Alleville, the lady in Paris whose company he preferred to all others.

The countess had been handsome, and from an early period had prepared herself to grow old; she had studied mankind, had fixed a

right value on the errors of youth, and had ornamented her reason with all the refinements her mind was susceptible of acquiring; she reaped at the age of sixty the benefit of those sacrifices she had anticipated at five-and-twenty. Middle-aged men sought her company; young men listened to her with pleasure; and, for fifteen years back, she had been loved by her own sex.

We met at her house with a magistrate, a man of sound judgment and easy manners, who never introduced law matters, never abused the army, and would have been in love with the countess had she been born twenty years later:

Several young people who affected ingenuity, never answered but *yes* or *no*, listened to every thing, heard every thing, and were constantly in mind that innocence is never put to the blush:

A young officer belonging to the French Guards, a downright puppy, giddy and presumptuous; as illiterate as the ancient French

nobility, in the time of the Crusades, and yet would speak on every topic with as much assurance as if a man of parts. He ridiculed the clergy, despised the law, made nothing of the lower classes, courted the fair, and endeavoured to persuade them that he did them too much honour in seducing them:

A bishop, who, notwithstanding he had never visited his diocese nor read his *mandements*, would share the patrimony of St. Peter with some of the opera actresses:

A marchioness, lately married, sprightly and lively; she adored her husband, could never keep her eyes from him, called to him, kissed him, and all the while tenderly pressed the foot of the officer:

A young man of twenty, as beautiful as Adonis, as timid as a man of merit, reserved with the sex, apparently inclined to love, but having still preserved his heart for want of knowing how to dispose of it, or rather upon whom to bestow it.

'Twas in the midst of this society that Juliet appeared with such luxuriant beauty as must attract every eye, and fix every heart.

An arched eye-brow crowned a black eye, which provoked desire; rosy lips, that were never disclosed without giving her sweet pretty mouth additional charms; the most shining complexion; her shape, her negligent graces; wit without affectation, instruction without pedantry; a heart .... oh! such a heart! ... she would have been too dangerous if every one had been acquainted with that heart as well as I was.

The officer accosted her with great familiarity, playing with his frill and the pommel of his sword; stroked his chin, and said a thousand delicious things to her; to which she paid not the least attention.

The magistrate bowed to her respectfully, at which she seemed to be much flattered.

The prelate examined her, and wanted to enter into a conversation with her; but her first reply silenced him. He could find himself at ease with ladies of a certain description only.

The young man walked up and down the room twice, sat by two or three different

ladies, said I know not what to them, rose without waiting for an answer, and at last was seated near Juliet as if by accident. I had already perceived that she was the only object of his pursuit, and that he was taking that round-about way in order to avoid being suspected. He addressed her in that tone which denotes esteem; with that sweet warmth which proceeds from urging concern; and she answered him with cold civility, which disconcerted him. He spoke no more, but looked at her: he thought himself very well near her, and there he remained. I knew not why that young man displeased me at first sight; neither do I know whether Juliet was sensible of it, but she rose after a few minutes, joined Madame d'Alleville, and conversed with her for a while: at last she came and sat by me: "What a wonderful wo-
"man," said she, "she renders even old age
"amiable. Happy they who will take her
"as their model, and hereafter resemble her."

The conversation became general: they spoke a great deal, yet said but little; the language was good, easy, graceful, and elegant;

but the meaning was nothing: the double entendre was veiled over by the modesty of the expression. They would ape reason and sentiment, and endeavour to be witty: they applauded things which they did not comprehend; every one was pleased with himself, and seemed to be satisfied with others: it was delightful.

The magistrate would strive to give the conversation a sensible turn, but he was not listened to.

The prelate assumed the language of feigned modesty, but could impose upon nobody.

The marchioness talked nonsense without ceasing; and, when she had spoken something remarkably silly, she would kiss her husband, and burst out a-laughing.

The officer declared she was an adorable creature, with an air that would have given offence to any modest woman. The husband laughed at his presumption; he at the husband's simplicity; and the marchioness, I thought, was making game of them both.

Juliet disapproved her ridiculous behaviour; "I don't like," said she to me, "those over-caressing women. The wife "who is sensible and honest, returns her "husband's caresses; she who anticipates "them with affectation, discovers her apprehension lest he should suspect she has already betrayed, or is preparing to deceive "him."

The young man divined what she had been saying, and appeared to value himself the more on account of his penetration.

My lord had found a translation of Locke, and did not mind what was going on.

As for me, I had only to complain of the tiresome assiduity of the young man; who, by means of changing seats continually, was come near Juliet again.

The officer, who had exhausted all the common place wit his memory could supply, imagined it became a man of his importance to make himself heard exclusively. He ruined the characters of a few women whom he pretended to make an eulogium of; he traduced others, who had appraised his

true value. The marchioness, laughing foolishly, called him a wicked man. Juliet looked at him with contempt. The magistrate was very near shrugging his shoulders; and the countess observed, that too much good or too much bad was always said about women: that the most estimable is she in fact who is the less spoken of; that the woman of the day is very seldom that of the morrow; and that the greatest injury some particular men could do to the sex, was to introduce it in any manner whatever.

The inexhaustible officer accordingly spoke no more about women, but began upon metaphysics. He asked the bishop whether he believed in God; who replied, inclining himself, that he never conversed upon religion. The magistrate, in his turn, asked the officer whether he believed in the sun. "Why, I "feel it," said the other.—"Is it so diffi-"cult then," resumed the counsellor, "to "re-ascend from the effect to the cause?" —"I am a stranger to either the effects or "the causes," continued the officer; "but

" I well know that religions are useless, and " that we ought not to have any. Our " officers of fortune * would take their Inva- " lides in the convents of the Benedictines, " whom they should turn out; our general " officers should be appointed abbés com- " mandataires, and the bishoprics should be " reserved for the officers of the regiment of " the French Guards: then we should live a " pleasant life, and we should care but little " about another world, which in fact is very " apocryphal, and has nothing otherwise en- " gaging for a man of fashion; for which " reason, I do not believe there is any such " thing; and it would be much the better " for us all if every body was of my opi- " nion."

" So, then," returned the magistrate, who grew rather warm, " you think that you " shall die soul and body?"—" I have not " the least doubt of it," said the officer.— " But, pray produce your means of convic-

* In the French service, those that had listed as privates and became officers, were called officers of fortune.

" tion," retorted his antagonist.—" Convic-
" tion, what is that ?" replied the officer.

" What," said the countess in her turn,
" do you believe that a nation of atheists
" could exist ?"—" Certainly, Madam."—
" Then there would be no virtue."—" No
" prejudices neither."

" You carry matters rather too far, Ma-
" dam," said the magistrate. " It is im-
" possible a society of atheists could ever be
" formed; because an atheist is a thinking
" being, and the multitude does not think;
" but, if a nation was to adopt such a sys-
" tem, that nation might exist and prosper,
" notwithstanding its opinions. Wise laws,
" administered with vigour, are the only
" check to human weakness. The divine
" laws continually threaten, and never strike;
" the dread of actual penalty is more power-
" ful than that of remote punishment, of
" which we have not a precise idea. Besides,
" God pardons the guilty; we know that,
" and rely thereupon. The courts of justice
" do not pardon, and one does not like to
" meddle with them of course: moreover,

" atheism is the consequence of a learned
" education, of study, of ponderous medita-
" tion; and the man who reflects is seldom
" a villain. The true atheist, admitting there
" are any, trusts only in this present life,
" thinks only of enjoying it: now, what can
" his enjoyments be? Can he seek for such
" as debauchery offers, which could only
" bring him to shame and infamy? . . . Or
" guilt? its punishment would abridge his
" life, beyond which he neither sees nor ex-
" pects any thing. He will tread the paths
" of virtue, which carries its recompence
" with itself. He will love his fellow-crea-
" tures, that he may enjoy their love in his
" turn. He will assist their sufferings, with
" a view of claiming their gratitude. He
" will be a good husband, that a cherished
" wife may pour plentifully consolation and
" delight over a life of troubles and vicissi-
" tudes. He will be a good father, that he
" may have a dutiful son; and a good citizen,
" that he may gain public esteem. The af-
" fection and regard of those about him will
" satiate his heart, and make him proud of

" himself, by rendering him happy without " the assistance of any other faculties besides " those for which he is indebted to nature. " He certainly will stand a bad chance at the " moment of his universal dissolution; he " will die away without hopes of reviving; " his heart will shrink at the idea of absolute " annihilation: but, for all that, shall he " have been an useless burden upon earth, " and a scourge to society?"

" I shall not undertake to refute your ar- " gument," replied the countess; " subjects " of this kind are far beyond my reach: " I own it with humility. You will only " remark, that there are a great number of " cases which are unforeseen by those human " laws, the power of which you vaunt: abun- " dance of obscure secret offences which are " not within their reach, and the multiplicity " of which would soon stifle all kind of mo- " rality among a nation."—" Those obscure " crimes," replied the magistrate, " will " never be committed by a true atheist: he " will not get drunk for fear of hurting his " constitution; he will not gamble for fear

" of losing his fortune: he will keep his " promise, for fear others should not keep " their word with him; neither will he se- " duce the wife of his neighbour, for fear his " own should be debauched."

" But, if he does not love his wife," continued the officer, " must he go to bed with " his neighbour's?"—" That he may do, " Sir; it is even possible he may murder his " neighbour sword in hand, or otherwise; " but then he will be broken on the wheel, " like a deist, and there will be an end of " it."

" Well, let us have an end of this too," replied the countess. " It pleases me to be- " lieve that the good that I have done is not " to be buried with me in the grave. I love " to rise again in a world, unknown indeed, " but from the certainty of which I am ena- " bled to endure the calamities of the present " one. If it be an error, it supports and con- " soles me, and it would be cruel to deprive " me of such a comfort."

" Ladies, ladies," cried the officer, " we " forget the opera."—" It is half past six,"

continued the marchioness; "Legros will "have sung his air: that is provoking. "order my carriage."—"Call my carriage," said the officer and prelate.

My lord led Madame d'Alleville; I was advancing to offer my hand to Juliet; but the tormenting young man was before-hand with me. Juliet could not refuse him; she let him take hold of her hand, throwing a look at me, which I knew how to interpret.

My lord sat on the back part of his own carriage, and his daughter by him; the young man sat on the front, and the magistrate accepted the other place, which my lord had offered him. I was vexed at the disappointment, and got into Madame d'Alleville's coach. I could not conquer a desire of knowing who that troublesome young man was, who for ever stood in my way. I enquired who he was.—"His name is Mr. "Abell," answered the countess, "he is son "to the secretary of embassy of his Britannic "Majesty; a young man of a good family, "uncommon merit, and a very considerable "fortune: you will be glad of his acquain-

"tance."—His acquaintance did not flatter me much, however, and I was sensible that Mr. Abell and I should never be friends.

We arrived at the opera. Every one of the party took their seats according to their inclination or private interest. I conducted the countess to her box, and went into that of Juliet. There were only four places; my lord did not like to be confined; he sat on the back seat, and the tiresome Mr. Abell sat close to Miss. Having conquered his timidity, he spoke with facility, he spoke with great vehemence; but I could not hear him. Juliet paid attention to his discourse, answered him with circumspection; but her manner seemed affectionate. I suffered much; I grew fiery; a concentrated rage took possession of, and stung my heart. Juliet approached Mr. Abell's ear, and whispered a few words to him. He returned no answer, but smiled at her with an expression..... Oh! how poignantly did that smile affect me! twenty times I was near to break out; twenty times I invoked reason, which offered to my eyes a cruel prospect: my whole frame

was convulsed; Juliet looked upon me, and it was time she should. " How childish you " are," whispered she to me.—" I suffer the " agonies of death," returned I.—" What " does the gentleman say?" resumed Abell. —" That he cannot see," continued Juliet; " and it is very hard not to see at the opera. " Let us make a little room for him." She took me by the hand, and handed me over to the front seat. " How little you know me!" said she. " I should not be jealous of the " officer."—" You have no occasion to be " jealous of any body." These words did me great good! they soothed my heart, cooled my blood, restored me to life; I pressed close to Juliet, I touched her. . . . it was she; I had lost her, now I found her again . . . . I was happy . . . . oh! I was happy indeed! . . . .—" Thank that gentleman," continued she to me, raising her voice.—" And for " what?" returned I.—" For the favourable " opinion he entertains of you. He first " spoke to me about my father and myself. " He has been so polite as to tell me such flattering things, which we do not credit,"

added she smilingly, "when we know how "to do ourselves justice, and yet hear with "pleasure. In fine, you was introduced: "this gentleman is a connoisseur in men, "and I esteem him the more for it. How- "ever, with an intent of sparing your mo- "desty, I have desired him, in a very low "voice, not to let you overhear all the good "we were saying of you."—Mr. Abell presented me his hand; I stretched out mine, and bowed to him; and, while he was attentive to the actors—"You did not owe me an "explanation," said I to Juliet.—"I owed "it to my own delicacy."—How ashamed I was! "How I have wronged you! Juliet! "Juliet!"—"Compose yourself, young man, "or you will ruin us both."—At last I viewed the interior of the house. A numerous and brilliant assembly, a house richly decorated, and ravishing music, captivated my attention for a moment. But I was soon tired with seeing the cold spectators, with admiring a shabby construction that would only please at first sight; at hearing a continuation of sounds

sounds that grew tiresome to the ear. I examined the scene, and found every thing inconsistent with truth. The act ended. Juliet and Mr. Abell enquired what had flattered me.—" Nothing," answered I: " the " scenes are well painted, and would convey an " idea of nature, was it not for the perpetual " motion of the frames, and the lights being " discovered through masses of columns, or " the trees of a forest. I have observed " changes which only prove the dexterity of " the machinist, but are a nuisance to the " deception. I have seen a flying car, that " would have deceived my eyes, had they " not discovered the ropes, by the assistance " of which it was put in motion. I have seen " a sea made of silver gauze, turned round " cylinders, and guessed at the mechanism, " by seeing behind the scenes the man who " turned the handle. I have seen Greeks " dressed in velvet and sattin, helmets made " with pasteboard, and which are neither " Greek, Roman, Persian, or Gaul. I have " seen a princess with her hair plaited, and

" a *chignon*, recommending modesty in her " song, and at the same time, with a lasci- " vious eye, inviting the amateurs to come " and sup at her house. I have seen a hero " who sang his love, sang his happiness, sang " the treachery of his mistress, sang his des- " pair. We shall probably hear him pre- " sently sing his death, the Elysian fields, " and the metempsycoses. I have seen the " choristers bewailing the sorrows of their " mistresses, all of them holding their man- " tua in their left hand, beating time with " their right, and smiling at their lovers, " who stood in the centre at the top of the " house, for want of admittance within. I " have seen the guards of the king of Epirus " with guetres and English fashioned boots. " I see spectators who strive to be pleased, " and sit gaping without being sensible of " it; and I should do as much myself if " I were not in your company. Had I been " able to hear one line out of ten, then I " might have formed some idea of the poet's " merit. How is it possible any one can " write for this theatre?" — " You don't

" know then," replied Abell, " that it is " agreed upon, that an opera is a tedious " thing, and to resort hither for the sake of " seeing the ballets only ?"—" Well then," said I, " let us wait for the ballet." The ballet began. The incredible agility of the dancers, the graces of their motions, the expression of their features, completely seduced me, and commanded my admiration. But this admiration soon abated. I soon could see nothing but gambols and contortions, which fatigued me by their uniformity. " This spectacle," said I to Juliet, " is in- " sipidly tedious. The mind here receives " no aliment, the heart is not moved, the " eyes alone are entertained." — " Look " though, the house is full," said Mr. Abell. —" What does that prove ?" returned I; " I pity those who have eyes only."

The day following, we went to the French Theatre. The play they were to give us was Racine's *Iphigenie*. I had read it with raptures ! I expected to be highly entertained with the representation ! nor was I dis-

appointed. Lekain, Brisard, Dumesnil, and Clairon, performed the chief characters! How beautiful the lines! what a knowledge of the human heart! But also how correct the actors! how much intelligence! what powers! how much truth! I thought neither of the house, the spectators, nor the scenery. I was no longer at the French Theatre; I was transported into Aulis.—"Glorious days of tragedy, are you gone "for ever? one single man sometimes "brings you back to my imagination. He "is hated, he is censured, but one is "forced to applaud him. *Talma*, proceed "in thy career. Envy wishes to stop the "car of genius, envy will be crushed under "the wheels."

In the after-piece, I admired Préville, Molé, Dangeville, and Monvel, who, from his first appearance, took place by the side of his rivals. I went to the Italian Theatre; and only saw Caillot there. "We "must return to the French Theatre," said I to Juliet. "'Tis the only place "where real enjoyments are procured."

CHAP. XI.

GREAT EVENTS.

MY lord received remittances from England in bills of exchange, on the best banking-houses in Paris, and was seriously engaged about placing the money to the best advantage. The doctor took the charge of visiting the environs of the metropolis, and to choose an estate on a spot where the salubrity of the air, and the picturesque country could please my lord's taste, and be good for his health. It was decided that there should be an English garden, with woods, flowers, bowling-greens, cascades, rocks, a broken bridge, a hut, and dairy: it was to be an epitome of nature. If there should be something of that wanting, or in case there was nothing of the kind on any estate otherwise eligible, my lord proposed to have the improvements made under his eye, and to have an exact imitation of the gardens in Northumberland, so that my lord might be both

in England and in France at a time. The magistrate warned my lord of the necessity of procuring letters of naturalization, in order to avoid the inconveniences of the *droit d'aubaine*, which extortion formerly invented, and the sovereigns will support as long as they can, because it answers their purpose well. My lord begged the magistrate to take all the necessary measures accordingly; the magistrate promised, and I was appointed to read the *Petites Affiches** regularly, and to keep an exact account of all the estates to be sold, as my lord proposed to lay out nearly a million and a half French money in arable land; the produce of which would serve to defray the expences of the English garden, the château, the table, wardrobe, and coach of his lordship. The surplus was intended for the consumption of his daughter, their friends, and merit in distress. These general dispositions being well settled, every one was occupied in the execution of his part of the main plan.

My lord frequently visited Madame d'Alleville, who loved his frank and loyal, though

* The Daily Advertiser of Paris.

blunt disposition. She received him with pleasure; and distinguished him from those superficial, nay, sometimes troublesome connections, that it is not possible however to avoid when situated in a certain line; but she seldom went out, and never came to our hotel but on grand occasions; such as my lord's, his daughter's, or the King of England's, birth-day. One morning she got out of her vis-à-vis with an air of great importance, and entered my lord's closet, where she staid with him during two hours and upwards. The next day she introduced Mr. Abell and his son: the day following she called and stopped again some time at the hotel; she had been shopping, and had taken Mr. Abell junior, with her, as she knew him to be a man of taste; they had been all over the town together; they had laid under contribution every shop-keeper in the Rue St. Honoré; and at last, happening to be in my lord's part of the town, they came, without ceremony, to ask for a bit of dinner. During these details, which I began not to find very

pleasing, two servants were filling the anti-chamber with jewels and stuffs, which Madame d'Alleville would absolutely have Miss Juliet look over and admire; but Juliet found nothing in them admirable, and returned Madame d'Alleville's marks of friendship with a coolness that surprised me, from the opinion I knew she entertained of that lady. The countess who, when she had undertaken what she thought would be a good action, was not easily discouraged, continued to shew us her bargains article by article, and supported the conversation alone. A gold repeater, enriched with brilliants, had fixed a moment Juliet's attention; the countess presented it to my lord, saying,—"She will "like it better from your hand than offered "by mine;" and my lord, without considering the cost of the present, without the least ceremony, without even returning the usual compliments or thanks, took the repeater, and laid it before his daughter, who was struck with surprise and terror. My lord presented his hand to her, led her into his closet; Madame d'Alleville and Mr. Abell

followed: I was left by myself; and suspected that her marriage was determined upon, and that all my expectations were over. My head was suddenly turned; a thick veil was spread over my eyes; unconquerable affection, ungovernable jealousy, and the principles of honour, which I strictly adhered to, tormented and tortured me each in their turn. I made incredible efforts to bring myself back to my meanness, and the devotion I owed to Juliet and her father; love, unmerciful love, conquered my principles and gratitude. Virtue I no longer listened to; it was extinguished in the bottom of my heart. My body was too weak to support such terrible struggles; I was overcome, and, during some moments, my sufferings ceased. When I recovered I was still alone. I rose with no small difficulty; I was weak, had no connection in my ideas, and was incapable of fixing upon a determination.—I went down stairs, and met my lord's valet, who asked what was the matter with me?—"Nothing," said I, "....a slight fever, I suppose..... I "shall not dine here to-day. My lord has

" serious business to attend; perhaps I might " hinder him.—I am going to a friend's."— " Shall I order the coach, you are not in a " situation to walk?"—" I thank you, I " shall walk very well;—do not mention " my being indisposed to my lord, only tell " him I shall not come home to-night."

I walked at random, was overwhelmed, annihilated; I was near being run over at every minute by the coaches, which I did not even see, though they came so close to me: I cannot recollect what streets I went through, but I walked a long while, and at about dusk I found myself on the Pont-Royal. They had just been taking out of the river the body of an unfortunate man who was drowned; his limbs were stiff, his countenance livid, his hair and clothes covered with mud: the passengers, disgusted at the hideous sight, hurried away from it. I stopped, glutted my eyes with the spectacle of death and putrefaction; I laughed with the horrid laughter of insanity and despair; I envied the fate of the wretch and leaned on the parapet. The waves were transparent, the stream smooth

and easy, the moon began to whiten the surface of the waters, a pleasant breeze waved the leaves of the neighbouring trees, the fisherman and mariner enjoyed a beautiful evening in the company of their loving wives, every thing around me breathed calm and happiness! every thing invited me to live, but hell was within my heart, and I wished to die.—With my left hand I bruised and tore my bosom, my right hand was fixed on the parapet; my body was bent forward, my bewildered eye measured the height of the bridge and the depth of the water, my thirsty lips opened with avidity, impatient of drinking death; I was going to throw myself.... A somebody pulled me by my coat, dragged me away, and rescued me from the gripes of death; but I was restored to the tortures of wretchedness. It was a poor old woman, who hard been observing me, and from my contortions and exclamations had suspected my sinister design. She took me to a public-house and invited me to eat something; I had not tasted a single morsel for the whole day, and felt quite faint; I yielded to her solicita-

tions and found myself better. I recovered my ideas, the good woman spoke to me, I answered her, and when she thought my agitation had subsided, she chid me in her simple language for having attempted to destroy myself. The language was incorrect, but her principles were good, and founded upon truth; I was struck with the solidity of her reasonings and my tears flowed abundantly, from which I found great relief. The good woman wept with me, comforted me, and took me to her house.

My fatal secret had not escaped me, but I could withhold it no longer; I named Juliet. I described her charms, her virtues, and my love in words of fire. I could not satisfy myself with speaking of Juliet, I repeated the same things over and over again, forgetful of having said them before. The good woman heard me with complaisance, repeated to me what I had been saying to her, and I listened to her in my turn: "Return home," said she to me; "go and revisit Juliet, whom you "was determined never to see again; that "marriage is not concluded yet. Juliet must

" have offered non-compliance; her father
" loves her—who knows what heaven has in
" reserve for you?"

The human heart unites all passions and extremities—I threw myself on the good woman's neck, embraced her with transport, called her my mother, and forced her to accept of two louis, the only riches I possessed in the world.

I left her and soon found myself in the Rue des Fossés-Saint-Victor. I had a league to walk home, and walked very fast. The rapidity with which I went on, the coolness of the night, and, above all, the good woman's last words, calmed me by degress, and I was pretty well when I reached the hotel. My lord's valet told me that his master had sit up very late, waiting for me: that he had manifested great agitation; that at length he was gone to bed, and desired me to call upon him early. I repaired to my apartment without daring to enquire after Juliet.

I entered my lord's room towards seven o'clock; he was up already, and pacing his room in long strides. He came to meet me

and said to me in English that my absence had appeared extraordinary to him, that I must well know that he kept nothing secret from me, that I never should importune him, and that he had never wanted my presence so much.—" My friend," added he, " I grow " old, and my daughter is near sixteen ; she " is possessed of every accomplishment that " may secure the happiness of a man of " honour, and I thought of insuring her own, " by bestowing her hand upon Mr. Abell, " who loves her tenderly and is a suitable " match for her in every respect; he is " young, handsome, well made, rich, and his " morals are irreproachable. He is a native " of England, condescends to live with me, " and promises to close my eyes : I have but " one child, I was going to have two; I flat- " tered myself with the pleasing idea of in- " creasing my family and of seeing myself re- " vived after my death. Juliet betrays those " cherishing expectations, she opposes my " designs ; she pleads her tender youth, her " attachment to me, and other frivolous " excuses, which do not impose upon me.—

"If Juliet did not love somebody else, she "certainly would love Mr. Abell. There is "not a woman in existence but who would "be proud of his addresses; not one that "could refuse to return his partiality, with "any degree of reason. Yet, my dear friend, "if Juliet loves, she must have fixed her "choice upon an object that I cannot ap- "prove of, since she keeps it a secret from "me. This is the subject that alarms me, "and I would wish to unravel the mystery: "you have been friends together from your "infancy, you are always together; I cannot "believe but you have at least some suspi- "cions of the object of my uneasiness.—If I "have done much for you, my friend, and "that my bounty has attached you to my "person, grant me a proof of your gratitude "by disclosing to me what you know about "Juliet."

I had listened to my lord with a satisfaction I could hardly conceal from him. It was still more difficult to speak any thing positive to him without exposing Juliet, betraying myself, or having recourse to lies. I made one of

those common place arguments which beggar a meaning, and only prove the difficulty and embarrassment of returning an answer. My lord looked at me full in the face. "I perceive," said he, "that you are informed, "and yet that you do not choose to speak. "If Juliet has entrusted you with her secret, "I shall not require your abusing her confidence; but you are no less indebted to me "than to my daughter. Go to her, then, "from me; tell her that, if in indifferent "matters I have indulged her, I ought, and "am determined to check her inclination "in a circumstance which is to decide the "happiness of her whole life; tell her, that I "shall never sanction inclinations that reason "reprobates, and which her's can easily conquer; tell her, in fine, that I must see her "repay my intentions by a submission I have "a right to expect from her with heart-felt "sensibility, and that a longer resistance "would only promote troubles for herself, "without making the least alteration in my "design."

I retired into my apartment, and held counsel upon the measure which my lord expected I should take, and which I could not refuse. His confidence mortified me, as I did not deserve it; but I was not such a wretch as to form an idea of basely betraying my benefactor, by pressing his daughter to disobey him. Neither did I feel fortitude enough to become the instrument of my own ruin, and solicit Juliet to bestow herself upon Abell. At his very name alone, I could feel that fury return which I had nearly fell a victim to. I spent some time in this state of anxiety and suspence; at last, honour got the better of love.—"No, I cannot ruin "Juliet in the opinion of her father," cried I, on a sudden. "No, she must not re- "nounce an advantageous match, to pre- "serve her heart for a wretch who cannot be "her's. I will speak to her, I will persuade "her, and whatever may be my own condi- "tion, if I succeed in contributing to her "happiness, I shall not be completely mise- "rable. . . . Her happiness! . . . . yes, she

" may still be happy. My love does not " work injustice within me: Abell deserves " to be loved, and she will love him when " she has made it her duty."—Youth is enthusiastic: I thought it heroic to sacrifice more than my life to ensure the felicity of a rival; and I went to meet Juliet, fully determined to consummate the sacrifice.

She was pale and dejected, and I could observe she had been crying. I approached her silent, and for a while we looked at each other. " Is it you?" said she to me at last; " I did not see you yesterday, and before it " is long I shall not be permitted to see you " at all. I must sacrifice myself. The day " is appointed, and the victim's resignation " is relied upon. L'Heureux, my dear l'Heureux, we must renounce the delusions of " our youth! Alas! for six years they promoted my felicity. . . . We must part, we " must die absent from one another, without " support, without consolation. . . . My dear " friend, I want courage to consent to it; I " cannot, the effort is beyond my power."—She was very much affected, her tears began

to flow; and, at sight of them, I forgot what I had promised to myself, and how much I was obligated to her father: love resumed his empire. I could no longer see but Juliet; Juliet whom I adored, whom I was on the point of losing, and without whom I could not live. She had thrown her arms around my neck; and with one hand she held and gently pressed mine; her head was reclining on my bosom; here she deposited her burning tears, with which mine were mingled. . . . "L'Heureux, l'Heureux," said she in a faultering voice, "to renounce thee is "to die; to surrender myself to another is a "slow and cruel torture, at which my imagi-"nation starts backwards in affright. . . . "L'Heureux! . . . . l'Heureux!" . . . . She pressed me to her heart, and her lips were stuck to mine. Lightning is less quick than the terrible fire that was kindled in my veins. I had neither strength to reflect nor to resist. Burning kisses succeeded each other with rapidity, and Juliet was forgetting herself in her turn. Nothing more did I respect; my

greedy hands polluted the treasures of love, and Juliet, forgetful of the universe, forgetful of herself, no longer offered any resistance: I invoked happiness, and was on the verge of crime: I was going to complete. . . . . Her dying virtue made a last effort.—" Mercy! " mercy!" cried she to me, " wilt thou " abuse my weakness, and render me despi- " cable in thine own eyes? . . . thou seest me " defenceless; but I would not survive my " guilt. . . . Wilt thou murder me? . . . . " mercy! mercy! spare thy Juliet." She fell upon her knees before me. Her humble supplicating air, and the disorder in which I had thrown her, struck me; I shuddered at myself. I helped her up; I set her on her sofa, and withdrew, not daring to lift up my eyes upon her, or to speak a syllable.

I returned into my room, a prey to the tortures that attend guilt. Outraged Juliet, imploring my generosity with the sweetness of an angel; my brutality and meanness, racked my heart: I cursed the compassion of the old woman who had saved my life.—" I " would have carried to the grave," ex-

claimed I, " her affection and esteem ; where-
" as, I must now live to be the object of
" her hatred and contempt."

My lord entered the room. He enquired if I had seen his daughter, and I answered in the affirmative. He then put several questions to me on her present dispositions : I hesitated, I was confused. My lord took me by the hand, conducted me to his closet, and bolted it.—" I know at present," said he " what I am to think of my daugh-
" ter's non-compliance ; and am sensible but
" too late of the fault I have committed.
" But could I have imagined that a wretch
" whom I had rescued from extreme misery,
" and overwhelmed with benefits, should
" one day disturb the peace of my family ?
" You would make me abominate virtue, if
" I could think that the rest of mankind re-
" semble you."—I shuddered.—" Answer,
" answer me," continued he with great violence, " is my daughter ruined beyond re-
" demption ? Is she unworthy of the attach-
" ment of an honourable man ? Have you

" reduced me to the sad extremity of lament-
" ing her birth, and wishing for her dissolu-
" tion?"—The sense of my baseness struck me mute: my frozen tongue could not articulate. My lord construed my silence as an avowal. His eyes grew fiery, his gesture menacing; he was going to use the utmost violence, when we heard a knock at the closet-door: it was Juliet. " Father," said she, with tranquil dignity, " I thought I could
" resist you; but I have been made sensible
" that I must not credit my own self. It is
" from your experience and affection that I
" await the decision of my doom. You have
" offered me the hand of Mr. Abell; I ac-
" cept it, and shall love him, I have no
" doubt. An honest man, of delicate princi-
" ples, alone can deserve the possession of
" my heart;"—and she cast upon me a look that stunned me. I had behaved shamefully; her pride was hurt, and she wanted to punish me. Alas! she was not sensible that she was striking two victims at once.

Her father embraced her tenderly, thanked her for what he termed his happiness, called for

his carriage, desired me to come along with him, and we drove to Mr. Abell's.—" I was " mistaken with regard to my daughter," said he to me: " her heart is disengaged, " and I am happy for it. But I have been " reading in your's: this marriage makes " you miserable, and you shall not be a wit- " ness of its celebration. I reproach myself " with the harshness with which I have ad- " dressed you on this occasion: you may " have been sensible of Juliet's merit without " being criminal, so that I will not forsake " you. I have still some funds to recover; " you shall set off for London to-morrow. " Time and absence will restore you to your- " self, and you shall not return to Paris till " such time as you assure me that you can " meet Juliet without danger. I esteem you " too much to suspect you will deceive me."

We were coming over the Pont-Neuf. A gentleman stepped out of the Caffé Conti, and called to the coachman to stop: it was Mr. Abell, senior. " I was going to your " house," said my lord to him; " step in

" with us."—" One moment," replied the other; " I am reading the Morning Chro-" nicle, that gives account of disastrous " events;"—" for England?" exclaimed my lord.—" Yes," said Mr. Abell; " our north-" ern colonies withdraw from the mother " country: our commerce is ruined." My lord instantly left his coach, went into the coffee-house, and called for the Morning Chronicle. Some English gentlemen were conversing on the first sparks of an insurrection, that might be attended with fatal consequences, on whatever side the advantage should remain. Two or three French gentlemen mentioned the disgrace of England as certain, provided the court of France would assist the insurgents. My lord grew warm, and declared that the court of Versailles would only prove its cunning and weakness, in being concerned in the business of a nation with which they were at peace, and was not to be offended with impunity, as had been often evinced. A young man retorted, that England, having reached the summit of splendour, must necessarily decline, and that

the hour of its fall was now arrived. My lord flew in a passion, and Mr. Abell was at great pains to bring him back to use less abusive language. The officer of the French Guards, whom I had seen at Madame d'Alleville's, came dancing in to tell me that government was going to send the Marquis de la Fayette, and a number of French officers, to teach the Americans military discipline, and aid them in throwing off the yoke of England; that he proposed to join them, and longed to see in what manner the independence of the Americans should be supported. My lord was no longer able to contain himself; he exclaimed, it was wonderful that the English colonies should consent to lay under any obligation to a despot who openly violated his treaties. Mr. Abell took him out of the coffee-room, forced him to re-enter his carriage, came with us, and we arrived at the English Ambassador's hotel. I observed a man whom I had seen in the coffee-room, but did not pay great attention to him; however, he got into the porter's lodge, and we walked up stairs to Mr. Abell's apartment.

The two old gentlemen conversed long together in private, then they shook hands in a friendly manner, and Mr. Abell junior was called in; he heard with satisfaction that his nuptials were to take place the day following, and the ceremony to be performed in the Ambassador's chapel. As for me, I felt so miserable that the marriage affected me no longer: but Juliet's resentment chagrined me much; I had deserved it, and it was to be my eternal punishment.

We left Mr. Abell, and my lord repeated to me the order of being ready to set off for my intended journey at the break of day. When I was come home I was astonished at seeing the man whom I had observed at the English Ambassador's door; indeed I had forgot what had happened in the coffee-room, I only thought of my journey, and of the cutting pain of crossing the sea loaded with the indignation of Juliet. I sat down to my bureau, seized my pen, and wrote under the diction of despair and repentance; I was going to seal my letter, when I recollected I had nobody whom I durst entrust with it,

and for the life of me I would not have presumed to deliver it myself; besides, I reflected on the consequences:—"I know her well," said I to myself; "if she forgives me she will "restore me to her esteem and affection, will "break off the fatal marriage, incur the dis- "grace of her father, and I shall have de- "prived them both of repose.—No, let her "think I am void of morals, principles, even "deficient in affection towards her. Let her "marry Abell, forget me, and let the ocean "bury me."—I tore the letter in a thousand pieces, arose, paced my room in long strides, took a small trunk, and put a few articles in it. A servant came to inform me the dinner was on table; I would not go down. My lord sent me my dinner; I drank a glass of wine and threw myself on my bed; I felt as if all the furies were torturing me, and collecting upon me all the miseries that can harass a wretched mortal.

In the course of the afternoon I received a parcel from my lord, which contained letters of recommendation, and fifty louis.

Towards the evening every thing was still

about me, I opened my door and walked along the gallery; there I met my lord's valet, who told me that his lordship was gone out with his daughter, but that a stranger had got behind the coach at the corner of the next street. I returned into my room, wrote a second letter, and tore it from the same motives I had destroyed the first.

At ten o'clock I opened the door again, listened, heard nothing, and ventured to go down stairs; I entered Juliet's dressing-room, drew a chair before the glass, and said:—
" 'Twas here that for the first time she smiled
" at my love; 'twas here that she discovered
" my first characters; 'twas here also that she
" made an answer to them!"

I perceived some papers falling out of one of the boxes: it was the sonata, and she had written on the title page:

> He has evinced that the art of pleasing and talents belong to all conditions.

In the middle of the sonata I found the sheet of paper upon which I had written four years before:

This is the use I make of your bounty.

And she had written at the bottom:

I shall see what use he makes of his heart!

I sighed bitterly, turned round and discovered one of her frocks: it was the same she wore on that day she forbid me to take any more lessons from Fanchon: I cut a piece off and put it into my bosom. I afterwards went into the drawing-room; the piano was open, I sat before it, looked at the keys, kissed them—I kissed the very pedals that were still covered with the dust from her shoes. I then rose again and left the drawing-room with down-cast eyes, and involved in thought; my tongue could not utter a word, my eyes refused shedding tears, and yet I was suffocated .... I returned to my bed in a dejection not much better than the approach of death. Soon after my lord's coach alighted at the door of the hotel; I laid myself down with my ear on the floor, and listened attentively, knew Juliet's step and started: "This is too "much," exclaimed I, "I must depart with-"out delay; every minute brings addition

" to my sufferings!"—I took my little trunk under my arm and opened my door; a servant made his appearance, and informed me that the hotel was full of people who were come in the King's name, and were making towards my lord's apartment. I ran there, the door had been broke open, my lord had seized his pistols, and threatened whoever should be so daring as to approach him; I had no arms, but seized a dog from the fire-place, and took my post by my lord. A man, who seemed to command the expedition, drew some papers out of his pocket; these were two lettres de cachet: the one sent my lord to the Bastile—by the other, the superior of the English Benedictine Nuns was ordered to admit his daughter, and to instruct her in the Roman Catholic Religion. This man, after having read aloud both papers, summoned my lord to obey. My lord answered by firing a pistol, which broke the fellow's thigh. They immediately drew their swords and surrounded us. I rushed in the midst of them and knocked down all those that opposed me;—I fought with the fury of despair; I wished to

be killed. Juliet, who had hastily thrown on a morning gown, came running in amidst this terrible confusion; when one of the rascals daring to lay his hand on her, I levelled him to the ground. I was then at some distance from my lord, who had kept his second fire: they pressed upon him, he fired, the pistol missed, and the cowards rushed upon him. I opened myself a passage and disengaged him.—We stood in an angle, where I protected him vigorously; but we were pressed on all sides; I was tired and could no longer lift up my heavy weapon; we were on the point of being overpowered—my lord's gallant valet appeared with a cutlass in his hand and changed the face of affairs; all his blows were decisive;—my courage was revived, I seconded him most powerfully, and the apartment was soon overflowed with blood. The rage of the assailants, the bemoaning of the wounded, Juliet's sobings, and the alarm that had been spread by those that ran away, drew in an instant several detachments of the guard who presented themselves with fixed bayonets, and moreover threatened to fire. I was sensible my lord

must surrender, but I despaired not of liberating Juliet. The brave valet, who received the thrust of a bayonet, fell; my lord had picked up his cutlass, but the general efforts were united against him. I again rushed in the middle of the crowd, dropt my weapon, sought for Juliet and discovered her in a condition that would have disarmed the very tigers . . . her hair was dishevelled, her breast panted, and her blood flowed abundantly from a wound she had received in her arm! I carried her in my arms and presented myself at the door; a sergeant wanted to stop me:—" I answer for the daughter," said I; " I am going to take her to the coach; arrest " you the father, but take care not to hurt " him."—" Ah! you are one of our's," replied the sergeant, and he suffered me to pass. I found the stair-case covered with guards, and, as I passed between two files of them, exclaimed: " here she is, here she is, I have " arrested her; is the coach at the door?"—" To be sure it is," answered they.—I arrived at the street door, the coachman assisted me in

in getting Juliet in; I sat myself by her side, and two of the guards offering to accompany me—"I have no occasion for any body," answered I; "she is but a child, I can very "easily manage her; but second your com- "rades, that Englishman fights like a lion!" This discourse hurried them to the scene of battle, and I ordered the coachman to drive off. He asked me whether Mr. Marais (the officer of the police) had given me the lettre de cachet?—"Go on," said I, "every thing is "right," and away we went. We had hardly proceeded five hundred yards when I was seized with new apprehensions. The coachman I doubted not was in the interest of the police, and I knew not how I should get rid of him; if I offered violence, the different posts would send to his assistance; if I tried to bribe him, and he should refuse my bribe, Juliet would forfeit her liberty. I racked my imagination and lamented I could not contrive a good scheme; we arrived on the Pont-Notre-Dame. The coachman knew some of the guards and stopped:—"Where are

" you going, Nicholas?" said one of them: " To take a young lady to the English con- " vent."——" A young lady!" replied the soldier, " she is no dangerous object; you " may drink a drop of something before you " are at your fare's end."—" Will you give " me leave?" said Monsieur Nicholas to me; " If he will give you leave? Is he an inspec- " tor *?"—" No;" replied Nicholas, " he " is a mere observer."—" If it be so," re- sumed the other, " he will drink with us;" and he, in fact, offered me a glass of brandy. " Now it is my turn, Father Durand," said Nicholas, and Nicholas swallowed a dram.— " Here's some money," said I, " go and " fetch more of this good stuff and a pound " of sugar; we will drink it in style; I " wish to treat Father Durand, he has at- " tended me in many an expedition; he is a " fine fellow!"—" An't I, friend?" said Du- rand: " well we shall have it in style:" and Nicholas went to fetch the sugar and spirits. " Go to good Mother Dupré's," cried Du-

* The officers of the Police were called Inspectors.

rand; "she'll get up at any time."—During the absence of Nicholas, Durand and his companions were putting several questions to me, and I was rather puzzled how to answer them. I did not know the cant, and was afraid of being detected; I was in perpetual alarm. Nicholas at last returned with the sugar and brandy: I told him to go into the guard-house, and to make haste, because the day would soon begin to dawn. Father Durand invited me to get out: I replied, I could not leave my prisoner.—"Why, but," continued Durand, "she may come out "too; a little drop will do her good and re-"vive her spirits."—"No, no, Durand," returned I, "she is daughter to an English "*Mylord*."—"Oh!" says Durand, "I am "silent; she is no guard-house bird," and he went to help Nicholas.—All the soldiers were round the bowl; the centinel, who longed for his share, stood staring at the bowl through the window: Nicholas was singing, whilst stirring the brandy to melt the sugar, and the rest sung in chorus. I gently opened the

door on the other side of the guard-house, got out of the coach, took Juliet in my arms, and carried her on the other side of the street; the coach screened us. I expected she would be able to walk, but she was in a swoon; I held her under the arms and pro ceeded, looking behind me at every step.—The preparing the brandy engrossed the whole attention of the coachman, soldiers, and centinel, so that I had the good fortune to reach the Rue des Marmousets without any accident. Here I carried Juliet in my arms again and got into the cloister. Not a single house open, and Juliet wanted assistance!—I durst not knock at any door, for fear of being overheard from the neighbouring guard-house, and proceeded as far as the church, which was at that time under repair; the porch was filled with large stones: there I laid down my precious load, and hid her behind the stones.

I listened for some minutes and heard no other noise than the murmur of a fountain at some little distance; I spoke to Juliet, she had not yet recovered; I felt her hands, they

were cold; I screamed, but, sensible of my imprudence, I was silent again. I pulled off my coat to cover her, rapped her feet in my waistcoat, sat down, and rested her head on my knees; I again touched her hands, held them within mine for some minutes, and perceived that the extremities recovered their natural heat; I felt her pulse beat, and my uneasiness was partly removed.

I listened again and the same silence prevailed; I called her several times, and, by the faint light of a lamp, I thought I saw her open her eyes; I continued speaking to her; my name was the first word she articulated. She appeared as if awaking from a laborious dream; she was striving to recover her ideas; she looked on me, knew me, and heaved a long sigh, which, however, was not a sigh of sorrow. "So, you have not forsaken me," said she, at last.—"Could you have suspected "me capable of such baseness?"—"And "what is become of my father?"—"I sup- "pose he has been arrested."—"And you "have suffered it!"—"I had no hopes left,

" but of being killed by his side, and then I " should not have liberated his daughter."—She then sat silent and pensive.—" Where " are we?" said she.—" In the street."—" I have not a home left then?"—" You " have friends."—" I suffer great pain from " my arm." I examined and touched it, the blood seemed to have stopped; I tried to lift up the sleeve, but it stuck to the skin; I then went to look out for the fountain, and, as the murmurs of the stream served to guide me, I soon discovered it; I filled the crown of my hat, returned to Juliet and moistened the sleeve; it was soon detached and then I pulled it up. I cleansed the wound and judged it was the point of a sword, which, in the heat and disorder of the scuffle, had only penetrated the epidermis. I tore my shirt to dress the wound and endeavoured to pull down the sleeve over it, but could not succeed. " My mouth is all on fire," said she.—I returned to fetch some water, invited her to drink; she drank and found herself better.

The twilight began to whiten the tops of

the houses: I could already distinguish the bloody spots that stained both her vestments and mine: it would have been imprudent to continue longer where we were stationed: I mentioned it to her, and she got up.—"Where shall we go?" said she to me. I proposed Madame d'Alleville's, the magistrate's, or the doctor's house. She returned no answer. "Should you prefer," continued I with timidity, "to seek for a refuge at Mr. "Abell's?"—"No," exclaimed she rather vehemently; "let us go to Madame d'Alle-"ville's."—When we had gone fifty yards, she stopped. I enquired what ailed her. "I think," replied she, "that I should not "be safe at Madame d'Alleville's, and might "expose her. My father's friends are well "known, and will be observed. They all keep "stately houses and numerous retinues; they "see a deal of company; I shall be seen, "known, and arrested. No, we must not go "to Madame d'Alleville's."—"Where then "shall we go?" answered I; "you are in a "dreadful condition. Madame d'Alleville will

" supply you with fresh linen, and, if she " fancies you cannot stop at her house, you " will be put at least in a situation to shew " yourself, and to look out for another re- " treat."—" Are you sure that the police " runners do not already besiege her door?" —This reflection stunned me. We had no time to lose; we must fix upon a determination, and yet we decided nothing; we looked at each other, and sighed. At last she dropped her head, and said to me: " Conduct me to " the next guard-house, and effect your " escape; I can submit to my hard fate."— She next searched her pockets, and said: " I " have not got my purse; all that I can do " for you now, is to pardon the offence you " offered me yesterday. I pardon you: live " in peace, be a righteous man, and perhaps " heaven will bring us together again some " day hereafter." She then laid hold of my arm again, and would have me walk forward. " No, no," said I, sobbing; " I will not " surrender you to those barbarians, after " having protected you, after having torn " you from their hands."—" I insist upon

" it," answered she; " obey."—I resisted, I held her, I beseeched her. . . . On a sudden I thought of the good woman whom I had met with on the Pont-Royal. . . . " She has " saved my life," said I; " she will not deny " you a refuge," and I dragged her precipitately. — " Who ? . . . . who ?" asked Juliet; " why when was your life in dan- " ger ? . . . who is that woman to whom I am " so dearly indebted ?"—I could not help relating what had happened to me on that occasion.—" Cruel young man," said she to me, " could you think that I should have sur- " vived you ? . . . How I love that good " woman ! yes, we will go to her. Poverty " is hospitable; we may derive safety from " her obscure situation." We no longer walked, we flew. We came to the Rue des Fossés-Saint-Victor. I looked at every house one after another; I trembled for fear of not recollecting that of the good woman, which I had not taken particular notice of: I could only remember the door was narrow, and that the stair-case stood facing at the bottom of the passage. I entered several houses, which the lodgers had not even taken the

precaution of keeping shut, where they slept with the security that attends poverty and a good conscience. There I found the staircase either on the right or left, and said, "this is not it;" and we sought farther on. We had been wandering up and down the street for near half an hour; it was day-light; I could hear the people stirring in different houses, and was unable to find out the long wished for habitation. My strength was exhausted, I was dejected, disheartened. A door was opened, several people appeared at a time in the street, and we retreated into a passage; they were coming our way, and I, in advancing farther to the bottom of it, chanced to stumble on a step; I stretched forth my hand and felt a large wooden balustrade: "I "think it is here," said I to Juliet; and we ascended five pair of stairs. I looked round, but recollected nothing. One story higher, I alighted facing a door that seemed to resemble that of my good woman's. I was afraid of knocking, not being sure it was there: yet I expected, if the room was occupied, that we might inspire the lodgers with com-

passion, and that they would not deny us some assistance. I heard people walking in the streets, and, as we could not go out without being noticed, followed, and, in all probability, arrested, I knocked.—"Who's "there?" said somebody from within.—"It "is her voice, it is her voice," cried I, "we "are safe. Open the door, my good woman; "it is the young man of the Pont-Royal, with "his unfortunate Juliet, whom they persecute "and pursue, and who has no resource left "but you."—"I am coming," answered she. —She opened the door, but was disconcerted: "What is the meaning," said she, "of your "disorder? of that blood? Miserable wretch! "you have been committing murder; I will "not admit you."—She then shut the door in my face, and bolted the inside.—"Hear "me," said I, through the key-hole: "once "more save my life:" and I related to her briefly the whole transactions of that disastrous night.—"Is all that very true?" continued she, opening the door a second time.— "My good mother," said Juliet, "never has "falsehood sullied our lips: we are much to

" be pitied, but are not guilty."—" Come " in, then," resumed the good woman; and she locked us all in. " Pardon me," said she, " for having suspected you; but that " love occasions so many mischiefs!..... " Come, my fine gentleman, help me to re- " lieve this amiable young lady."—She drew out of an old chest a pair of very clean but very coarse sheets; and, whilst I was making the bed, assisted in undressing Juliet. When she had put her in bed, the good woman took an old wooden shoe, knocked at her neighbour's door, brought back a little fire, bolted the door again, drew some small pieces of wood together, and began blowing. She poured some broth in a little earthen pot, and warmed it. " That will do her good," said she to me.—I thanked her, and caressed her; and she smiled at me, whilst pouring the broth in a cracked porringer.—" I have only " got a little bread at home; but it is white " bread, and I am a neat woman; you may " eat without any reluctance;"—and she cut a slice in the porringer.—" Come, my fair " angel," said she to Juliet; " take this;

" have a little courage ; keep up your spirits. " God is kind to us, and mother Jacquot " will not forsake you."—Juliet insisted upon my eating some with her : I was very low, and obeyed. " You seem in great agitation," said mother Jacquot to Juliet.—" The situa- " tion of my father grieves me sadly," answered the tender daughter. I endeavoured to conceal my own uneasiness about him, not to increase her's. Mother Jacquot promised to go and make enquiries in the neighbourhood of the hotel : I also proposed calling upon Mr. Abell, or the Ambassador himself, as soon as I should have procured some clothes and linen ; and those promises quieted her a little. We bathed her wound with salt and water : there was nothing alarming in it. Then I took a little stool, and sat down by her bed-side. We were both very much fatigued, and presently enjoyed that sleep we both were in the most pressing need of.

CHAP. XII.

SHE IS MINE.

"MY dear children," said mother Jacquot to us, when we awoke, "you have been sleeping four good hours, and are now, thank God, in a situation to listen to me. I shall tell you first and foremost, that I have been running all over the neighbourhood of your hotel. They are all in a bustle yet, and speak of nothing else but of the battle of that poor my lord against the whole *pousse* *. I enquired what was become of the dear man; but it is not known. What appears certain though, is, that the commissary has been putting the seals every where; for every body says so. I wanted to get into the hotel, in order to see with my own eyes, and hear with my own ears; but a brute of a soldier, with a hard blow

* The hirelings of the police.

" of his musket, threw me over the tub
" of a stocking-mender, in such a manner,
" that the tub, the poor stocking-mender,
" and myself, all rolled in the middle of the
" street. I got up, however, helped the
" young woman up too, and took her to the
" next public-house: here we had a pint of
" wine, and I asked her several questions.
" We always betray ourselves when we speak
" of persons for whom we are concerned; of
" course, the young stocking-mender, who,
" by the bye, is very handsome, observed to
" me, that I knew more about the matter
" than she did. However, said she, I must
" inform you, that the *pousse* held council
" about two hours since. The *gentlemen*
" have mentioned several of my lord's friends,
" and have marched in separate parties to go
" spying about those different houses, where
" they expect to detect Miss Juliet, who is said
" to have made her escape in company with
" a handsome young man, whom you know
" perhaps, as well as I do. In case, as I be-
" lieve it to be true, you are acquainted with
" the place of their retreat, advise them to

"hide themselves well. Tell Mr. l'Heureux "it is little Fanchon who gave you that "warning for him, and he will believe "you.

"From thence I proceeded to the Pilliers "des Halles*. I had your two louis in "my pocket and three six livre pieces, which "I kept like the ball of my eye, but I could "not use them for a better purpose. I have "bought you some clothes to shift your-"selves. What I have bought for you is not "very fine; but, on some occasions, it is "better to have the appearance of a shoe-"black than of a duke. I have an up-"per garret here above, which I can spare; "we will fit it up as well as we can, and "lodge this young lady there. You, Sir, "shall get a bed elsewhere; and, for reasons "known to myself. I will contrive some "story to my neighbours, in order to divert "their curiosity. We shall not care for the "*pousse*, but live quiet. We will work all

* A place like Monmouth-street.

three

" three of us, and want for nothing. Go " behind this press," said she to me, giving me a bundle in my hand, " and disguise your- " self."—I found in the bundle a waistcoat, breeches, and guetres, made of coarse brown cloth; an under spotted waistcoat, and two shirts of coarse linen, that were unbleached. —During the time I was putting on this garb, which recalled to me that I wore in my earliest years, mother Jacquot helped Juliet to change herself, and, when I returned from behind the chest, I saw her with flat-heeled shoes, a striped serge petticoat, and a red chequered apron: her long hair was half tucked up under a plain but very neat little cap. She was pretty; oh! she looked so pretty! . . . and she owed it not to art.

" Now," said mother Jacquot to us, " we " must think of our dinner. I can live upon " bread, but you are accustomed to better " fare: give me some money, for I am as " poor as Job; I will go to market and fetch " you something good."—I searched the coat I had just left off; the paper in which

my lord had sent me the fifty louis, got loose in my pocket; I had only nineteen left, the rest were lost in the scuffle. Juliet had forgot her purse and jewels, so that those nineteen louis and my watch, which might be worth eight or ten, was all the fortune we had in the world. I returned to mother Jacquot the money she had advanced for us, and gave her a louis for the preliminary expences of house-keeping; next I took my hat and a large stick in my hand. "Do not ex-"pose yourself," said Juliet to me; "con-"sider that I am separated from my father, "and that I have no other support left but "you in the world."—I promised to act with great circumspection, and went out.

It was not likely the people of the police should have noticed my features; and I was disguised in such a manner as to pass unnoticed, though they had known me. I went straight to the English Ambassador's, presented a message for Mr. Abell, and begged to be introduced to him. I was shown into his apartment, where he was alone. When I told him who I was, he rose, and came to

embrace me with a mournful air, which I looked upon as a bad omen.—" My lord is " no more," said he to me, and I wept. " You have lost your father, and I a friend. " He was forced to yield to the number of " his assailants. They seized him, bound " him with cords, and were going to carry " him into a hackney-coach; but fatigue, " his emotions, the consequence of his ad- " venture, and his rage on being used so " roughly, caused a revolution, which was " followed by an apoplectic fit: he died " about three o'clock this morning. His " letters of naturalization were not yet deli- " vered; the whole of his property belongs " to the royal treasury: Juliet is ruined " without any resource. But I know what I " owe to the memory of her father, and my " son will attend to the summons of honour " and love. The master of the hotel, who " brought me the above intelligence, assures " me, that Juliet has effected her escape, and " he presumes that you have facilitated her " evasion. Hasten then to inform me of the

" place of her retreat; I will find means to " send her back to London, where my son " shall repair a few days after."

I was touched at his proceeding; but was not willing to expose Juliet to their solicitations, troublesome at least; and I confess it with a blush, I feared lest impending indigence should make her incline in favour of Mr. Abell. How ill I knew her! I answered Mr. Abell, that I had left my lord only when it was no longer possible for me to protect him; and that I knew not where his daughter had retired.—" You lay under great " obligations to her father," continued Mr. Abell, " and can have no reasons to conceal " the truth from me: I believe you, and yet " must grieve at your non-intelligence; I " expected you might restore the unfortunate " girl. I have sent to Madame d'Alleville " and our other friends; none of them have " seen her, none have heard either of or from " her, which to me appears very extraordi- " nary. In the mean time, my son will have " all possible researches made. I hope you " will join in his endeavours to find her

" out: you may depend upon my warmest " gratitude, if you can let me have any in- " formation about her."—Mr. Abell then asked for my direction: I answered him, that I had not as yet got a lodging, but that I should have the honour of seeing him the day following. He offered me some money, which I refused, telling him that I did not want spirits, had some little talents, and was not afraid of falling into distress.

The designs of Messrs. Abell upon Juliet tormented me sadly, and made me extremely uneasy. It was my interest to hold my tongue about them; but in honour I was bound to speak: for some days past I had been exposed to those dreadful struggles.—As I walked home I took a round-about-way, looking behind pretty often, for fear some of Mr. Abell's servants should follow me; and all the while was reflecting on what I had heard, and what I had to do. Sometimes love would use all his power, sometimes honour rose against and silenced him. In fact, could I conceal from Juliet that her friends

were preparing to redress the injuries of fortune? She was a stranger to poverty; would she have fortitude enough to bear it? would she forgive me for having exposed her to its direful attacks? Could I hesitate in rescuing her?—This painful struggle terminated like those I had entertained before. I returned to mother Jacquot with a determination to discharge my duty; and deeply affected at the tragical end of my benefactor.

Juliet fixed her eyes upon me; I was mute: I knew not how to impart the dismal tidings. Her eyes seemed to put the question to me, and mine refused to return the sad answer. At last she said: "What is the "reason you won't speak to me?"—"Alas! "I shall speak but too soon."—"My father "is dead!"—"And your fortune is lost."—"Ah! what is fortune to me! it was not "my fortune you loved .... but my father "...my father .... and she burst into "tears. You have taken him away from me, "O my God," continued she, lifting up her eyes and hands to heaven! "one single man "can now make me support life: let me die

" this instant, if I must part from him."—A broken ulcerated heart reasons not, and will receive no consolation; it wishes to cherish its sorrows; delights in being identified with them, and in exhaling them over every surrounding object. Tears are bitter, but the unfortunate love to weep. Juliet required I should relate the minutest details of her father's death, and her grief increased at every word. I hoped I could quiet her by drawing her attention upon some other object. I mentioned Messrs. Abell's designs, and praised their generosity; nay, I believe, I pressed her to comply with their wishes.—" Cease," said she, " cease tormenting me: I could " sacrifice myself to my father; he is no " more, and I am now my own mistress. I " bless my poverty, which brings me nearer " to you; my heart is all I have left, it will " suffice for my felicity." It may easily be believed, I did not press her farther: I had acted the part of a man of honour; I could do no more.

Part of the day was spent in regretting and

lamenting her father. Towards the evening, good mother Jacquot insisted upon her eating a little; the worthy woman would even give up her own bed to Juliet. We had our supper by her bed-side, and sat up all night. I recalled to my memory the misfortunes that had succeeded so rapidly, and should have thought I had been dreaming only; but Juliet was near me. That Juliet, who, a few hours before, was courted, adored, and served; that Juliet, whose natural lustre was enhanced by that of gold and diamonds, whom pomp and grandeur surrounded; to whom an immense fortune ensured those enjoyments that make life so endearing; that Juliet who had lost every thing in one moment, was now exiled in a sorry garret, the walls of which were bare; she lay on a pallet, had nothing to depend upon, and yet she did not complain. What a sight? what a torment for the man who had only his heart to bestow upon her, and his misery to share with her! I afterwards thought of her unfortunate father; one imprudent word had cost him his life, because a government void of energy supplied

the decayed strength of the law with spies and Bastiles. An innocent daughter was stripped, because the depredations of the men in office necessitated plunder and rapine.— " What a country," said I ; " what a coun- " try is that wherein the child does not inhe- " rit the fortune of her father—is involved in " his proscription—where they wish to ty- " rannize over her conscience .... Let us " fly, let us fly .... but where can we go to " without money, or the means of existence? " Besides, where could we be sure of not fall- " ing victims to some abuse ? If I open the " history of this world, I read that every " where the weak are oppressed by the power- " ful; every where the governed are dupes, " and the governors are rogues."

At the break of day Juliet seemed to reco- cover from long dejection. — " My good " friend," said she to me, " there is only one " remedy for the distempers of the heart, " which is time. Reason aids us to support " our sorrows, but time disperses them.—I " will keep mine within my bosom, shall " make all possible efforts to conquer them,

" and shall no longer afflict you with the " sight of my sufferings."—She got out of bed and took her seat by mother Jacquot: she pressed her hands, gazed at her with concern, and a smile imperceptibly graced her lips.—" You have," said she to her, " a " little corner which you can spare; my " friend will furnish it, agreeable to our " humble circumstances. You have done " a great deal for us, my good mother, and " I will not suffer you to be disturbed any " longer; a woman of your years must want " her own bed."

Mother Jacquot gave me the key of the upper garret, I went to examine it, but when I came down I looked quite oppressed:— " I understand you, my dear," said Juliet " to me; " it is nothing very elegant, but " what signifies that? You shall be there " with me, and I shall see no body besides " yourself."—Never had she appeared so grand, she had never been dearer to me.

I went to the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, where I bought a few bundles of paper, lilac coloured ground with little nosegays in it.

I cleaned the windows, whilst mother Jacquot was making some paste, Juliet cut the paper, I pasted it on the wall, and mother Jacquot held my chair for fear I should fall. A horse bed, a table, a chest of plain wood, six straw chairs and a small looking-glass, composed the whole of our furniture.—" Well," cried Juliet, " how do you like it now? " here is every thing necessary, is not there? " It's very well, very well indeed; many wo- " men are still worse off, and have not their " friend with them!"—In this place we passed whole days that seemed to glide away like minutes! Our neighbours being engaged at their work did not trouble their heads about us: this upper garret was our universe; we wished for nothing beyond it!—Juliet worked embroidery, I painted in water colours, mother Jacquot disposed of our work, and we earned our living; the good woman served us a frugal repast, sat down with us, and sometimes we laughed at her whimsical nonsense. After supper Juliet gave me a kiss on the forehead, mother Jacquot took the key of the upper garret, and I retired to my lodg-

ings, carrying the image of Juliet with me, and happy in the thought of seeing her the next day.

Six weeks were elapsed; my lord was not erased from our memory, but our tears were dried up; we ever retained that self-remembrance of him, which moves the soul without tearing it. The war between England and France had been declared: the former had recalled her Ambassador, and we presumed, as it was very likely, that Messrs. Abell were gone with him. I proposed to Juliet to take a little air for the benefit of her health in the King's Garden at an early hour; mother Jacquot supported my proposition, and Juliet consented.

One day, as we were taking our walk in perfect security, I perceived a man making straight towards us: he was wrapped up in his great coat with a round hat clapped over his eyes; I did not try to distinguish his features which I thought was very immaterial. Juliet was leaning on my arm; I held one of her hands in mine, and we were discoursing with that sweet warmth which is so difficult to

describe, but so sensible to those who love. The man in the round hat stopped before us, I lifted up my head, and was in great confusion at seeing young Abell.—"I was detained "in Paris for your sake alone, Miss," said he to Juliet, "and it grieves me much to find "you are not deserving of my solicitude. I "will not degrade myself so low as to com- "plain, but shall avenge on your base seducer "the outrage he offers to the memory of your "departed father."—He then trod upon my foot; I understood him perfectly well, but Juliet was present. She guessed at our thoughts and told Abell in a haughty tone, that she had not made him any promise, and that it appeared strange to her that he should presume to censure her conduct.—"A woman of my cha- "racter," added she, "bestows her person, "but she is not to be seduced: the man you "accuse is guilty of no other crime but that "of having pleased me: if ever you loved "me, prove it, and give up all projects of "revenge, which would destroy my felicity "withoutadvancing your happiness."—Abell stood amazed for a moment: "No," cried

he, "the most modest among her sex cannot "have forgotten herself so far; if you be- "longed to that man you would not be so very "bold, at least, as to confess it."—"*That* "*man* is every thing for me," replied Juliet; "I am irrevocably his, and our union con- "stitutes my happiness and glory."—— "What would you have me despise and for- "get you," resumed Abell, "I should be "too miserable if I could believe you?"— "Let us have done, sir," interrupted I, drawing him aside: "she is ever virtuous, "and deserves the homage of the whole "universe! We both adore her—a sufficient "reason to hate each other. To-morrow "morning at five o'clock I shall be in the "Bois de Boulogne, with a brace of pistols; "I know you well enough to trust you will "not follow us, nor go to the police for your "seconds."—"I know you to be a man of "courage," returned Abell, "I shall see "you to-morrow."——He walked down another alley and I went to join Juliet.— "When shall you fight?" asked she, with an air of perfect tranquility: I wanted to

dissemble.—" Dissimulation would be use-
" less," continued she: " Abell has insulted
" you, you have resented it; you have ap-
" pointed a rendezvous: I see nothing but
" what's natural in all that."—I thought she wanted to know what I had decided and did not reply:—" I give you my word and ho-
" nour," said she, " that I shall leave you
" absolute master of your own actions, but I
" insist upon knowing the truth."—That her word was sacred I could not have the least doubt, and I confessed the whole business.—
" It will only be to-morrow then," continued she; " go and buy your pistols and deliver
" them up to me; I shall return them when
" the moment shall be arrived."—Her sang froid surprized me, and indeed it was inexplicable. As I was going she called me back:
" Remember, l'Heureux, that you owe me this
" one day; I demand you shall spend the
" whole of it with me."—It might happen to be the last day; I was sensible of it; I promised with an oath to consecrate it entirely to love, and she left me with that pleasing smile that speaks the inward peace of the

soul. I had fancied I must deceive her, try some trick to steal away from her, and she afforded me all the facility I could not have obtained from a new friend, I had not known above two days; I knew not what to think, was lost in my conjectures, and resolved to mistrust every thing, even her promise.

I did not stop above an hour. When I returned home she was conversing in a low voice with mother Jacquot, and they seemed to understand one another perfectly well. She examined my pistols, locked them up in the chest, and put the key in her pocket; I began to harbour some suspicions. The pistols had cost me nearly all that I was worth and I could not possibly procure others. "Make "yourself easy," said Juliet to me, "who had the habit of reading into my thoughts; "I am incapable of breaking my word: I "will adhere to my promise; but this day is "mine, let us not cloud its dawn with pre-"mature inquietude. To-morrow at five "o'clock in the morning I will give you "the key."—She beckoned to mother Jacquot

quot, who took a basket in her hand and went out.

Juliet came and sat close to me; she had never appeared so loving, so caressing—never had I been so sensible of the pleasure of being beloved. My engagement with Abell seemed to rivet me still closer to my present felicity. We exhausted the tenderest discourse which love suggests; we repeated a thousand times over what we had already repeated before, and felt a new charm in repeating over again. All language is deficient for the expressions of love; but our looks compleated the expression of thought! .... That silence conveys the most eloquent expression! .... We were penetrated with such delightful raptures!—I could have spent my whole life with my eyes fixed upon hers .... but how she looked at me! .... It was voluptuousness decked with all the charms of innocence!

Mother Jacquot returned with her basket very full. It was not like our usual provision and I manifested some surprize.—"I

" give an entertainment to-night," said Juliet smiling.—" And to whom, pray ?" asked I.—" To you, my dear ;"—then she and mother Jacquot began the preparations of a pretty elegant supper. I walked about the room and looked at them without being able to guess what their intentions were.

Mother Jacquot had witticisms of her own, and she was not sparing of them ; Juliet applauded and sometimes I laughed at them myself, notwithstanding I thought of Abell, and that my gloomy reflections would overspread my brow with melancholy. Nothing escaped Juliet ; she took me by the hand, looked at me tenderly, and kissed me on the cheek. The idea of the next morning vanished, my heart was revived and smiles enlivened my countenance.

Every thing was ready by eight o'clock, mother Jacquot served the supper, and we sat down to table. Juliet was cheerful, even frolicksome, when, on a sudden, she assumed a calm, reserved and imposing countenance ; she appeared to ruminate some grand design, to be in deep contemplation ; mother Jacquot

imitated her silence, and I waited for the conclusion; Juliet at last rose and spoke thus:—"My situation does not permit me "to observe those formalities which the law "prescribes, but the purity of my intentions "and your probity remove my fears. It shall "never be my hard fate to lament the con-"sequences of a project, which I have been "long bringing to maturity, and the execu-"tion whereof circumstances will not allow "me to delay any longer. Though our "oaths have no other witness but Heaven "and this worthy woman, I do not value "them less sacred for myself, nor less invio-"lable for you. Rise, l'Heureux."—I rose directly.—"Oh! my God!" continued she, in a devout, religious tone, "this is the hus-"band whom your Providence hath designed "for me; I receive him from your hand; "I swear to love him all my life, and "to make his happiness my chief care and "study. Oh! my God! hear my promise "and bless us!"—With what transport did I repeat the same words! With what verity

did I swear to live for her alone! ... Ye have experienced how sweet is a similar oath, ye who have taken it with the object of your tender affection! ... Mother Jacquot embraced us both and left us to mystery and love.

Oh! what a moment is that when we finally possess the object of our adoration! .... Where is the fiery pen that could trace the raptures of the soul? the thirst of enjoyment which enjoyment itself renews? the torrent of delight which can hardly be supported? the tender langour which follows a satiety of pleasure? .... Oh! Nature! here you manifest your power! here are all your efforts united and exhausted at once! ..,. Divine moments that raise man to the highest degree of happiness his wishes can attain! why are ye of so short a duration? why, when gone, do you never return? .... We can find mistresses, but can we find our hearts again?

Juliet was sleeping in my arms, her slumbers were as soft as the pleasures we had enjoyed; her breath was as sweet as the morning dew; her bosom was rosy from my

kisses; her thousand secret charms received in their turn my sincere homage, my tenderest caresses. Love dared to awake her .... and she did not complain of his presumption.

At length I fell over the myrtles with which I had bestrewed the nuptial bed; and to the burning transports of love, Juliet made the language succeed.—" I am no stranger," said she, " to the heat of your temper; my " representations, my very prayers, might " have proved impotent yesterday: to pre- " tend to stop you, would have been hasten- " ing the dangerous moment; and, with a " view to prevent your endangering your " life, it was necessary to attach you by such " bonds as it were not in your power to " break..... Oh! my dear friend, how much " ought such a night to induce thee to che- " rish thy existence! shall I never be indebt- " ed to thee for such another?.... Wilt thou " prefer the barbarous and steril honour of " exposing thy being for the cruel pleasure " of shedding the blood of a man thou " ought'st to pity, since he loves, and thou " art happy? Can the opinion he may enter-

" tain of thee be of any consequence for thy " repose? What need you now care for that " of all mankind? I alone shall suffice thee, " as thou shalt be sufficient for me. I re- " gretted the loss of my fortune, because I " could no longer share it with thee: I had " but my reputation left, and I have made " thee a sacrifice of it; wilt thou grant me " nothing? Oh! my dear friend, perhaps I " am become a mother . . . and wouldst thou " not see thy child? Shall his little arms " never open to receive and claim thy ca- " resses? . . . . You shall not go, my friend! " will you? . . . no, you will not!"

I sympathized with Juliet: but I had engaged my word, and the very shadow of contempt was enough to make me shudder.— " You have promised," replied I sighing, " to leave me master of my own actions."— " Here is the key," said she, " go and mur- " der my father's friend, or assassinate three " persons with one blow."—I stared at her.... I hesitated.... She pressed me to her breast, and loaded me with the tenderest caresses.— " This is too much," exclaimed I, " such

" plentiful benefits are not easily given up;" and I forgot in her arms the point of honour, Abell, the Bois de Boulogne, and the whole universe.—" So then, you yield," said she to me: " you cannot imagine how much your " condescension flatters me! what an happy " omen for my future days! but I had no " occasion for it, I had taken my measures; " you should not have fought." — She knocked at the wainscot, mother Jacquot opened the door, and introduced Mr. Abell. —Never was any body so surprised as I was at that moment.—" Sir," said Juliet to him, " I am sensible of all your merits; but we " do not command our hearts. I deceived " you in the King's Garden; I have spoken " the truth in my letter, and you witness " that l'Heureux is my husband: he has " spent the night with me, and now you can " entertain no farther hopes. I have one " left; and I cherish the idea that you will " not destroy it. Forget this young man has " challenged you, and I will forget the of- " fence you have offered me. Upon those " terms I offer you my friendship, which you

" may esteem of some value."—" Madam," answered Abell, " I was tenderly attached to " you, and anger has made me utter such " expressions as reflection instantly urged me " to disavow. I am not a blood-thirsty man. " Your letter, dictated by virtue and cou- " rage, has restored me to reason, and in- " spired me with respect. Alas! I knew you " only at the moment I lost you! Yes, " Madam, I accept of your friendship, and " hope this gentleman will not deny me his." —From what a burden my heart was re- leased! with what satisfaction I returned the flattering advances! I embraced Abell with the frankest cordiality.—He said to me: " You have the most respectable of all wo- " men; let her be happy, and I will learn to " forget that I might have been so myself " without you."

He obligingly reproached Juliet with not having reposed confidence enough in him, to write to him sooner. He would not have left us in a situation apparently so uncomfortable; he would have desired us to accept some ad-

vances on the funds which still remained in England belonging to my lord, amounting to about a hundred thousand livres, French money.—"This is no fortune," added he; "but "may prove sufficient for those who know "no happiness beyond mutual love."—He then quieted us with regard to Juliet's liberty. —"I don't believe," said he, "they made "any serious researches. The government "has inherited my Lord's property, and cares "little whether Madam is in a convent or "elsewhere. However, it will be prudent "to keep in concealment till I have had po- "sitive information. Then I shall set off "for London, and take care to settle your "affairs in that country."—He next forced us to accept of one hundred louis, to provide articles of the first urgency.

We spent the day in company together. I no longer feared Abell, and was conscious of his good qualifications and honourable proceedings. I inwardly wished him another mistress and better success.

The next day I hired three pretty small

rooms at l'Estrapade. I furnished them neatly, though without elegance, and we settled there the day following. We invited mother Jacquot to come with us: we had been under great obligations to her! and we were satisfied to have it in our power to repay her kindness.

END OF VOLUME I.

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